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CHRISTMAS NUMBER

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This Pictorial Record of Gilbert and Sullivan Operas is published by special arrangement with the Rupert D'Oyly Opera Company. As only a limited number are printed you are advised to order copies immediately to avoid disappointment.

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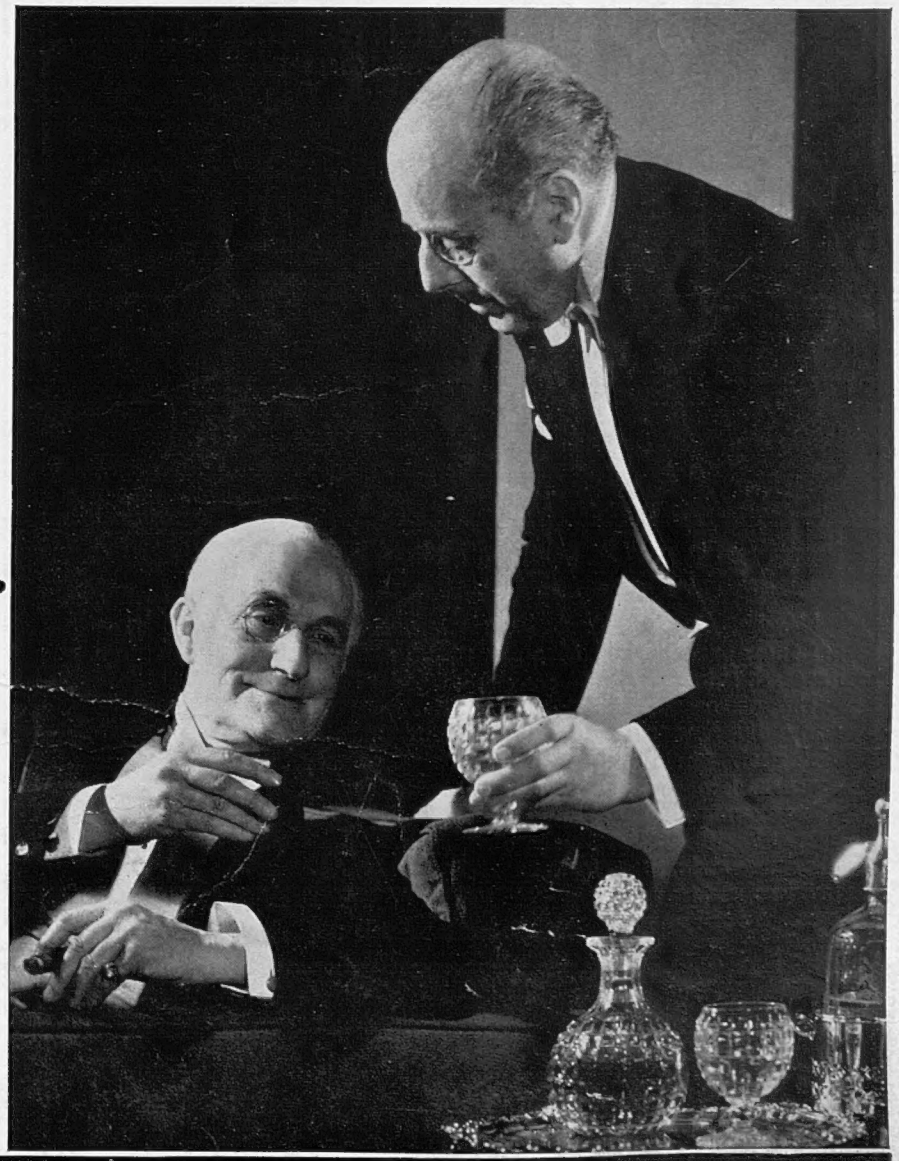

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CHRISTMAS KINDNESS Some Charities Worthy of Your Support

THE Distressed Gentlefolks' Aid Association was formed for the relief of gentle people, who owing to various causes are in deep distress and in many cases on the verge of starvation. The Association makes weekly grants to 360 of its necessitous cases and also supplies clothing, blankets, invalid comforts and makes special allowances to others who are in great distress. Unfortunately, the number of appeals from poor souls in urgent need of assistance has increased while the funds available are reduced on account of the War. The Association appeals for help that assistance and perhaps a little comfort may be given to more of the many who have found poverty and sadness in their old age. Donations gratefully received at 74 Brook Green, London, W.6.

* * *

FOUNDED in 1902, under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England as a centre for research and information on cancer, the **Imperial Cancer Research Fund** is working unceasingly on the systematic investigation of the disease in man and animals. The work of this Fund and of other great centres of research has increased our knowledge of the origin and nature of cancer and has so altered our outlook that the disease is now curable in increasing numbers. The previous accommodation has become too limited and new modern laboratories have recently been built to extend the scope of investigations. The income from investments and the Endowment Fund is insufficient to cover the total annual expenditure, and help is urgently needed to meet the heavy additional cost of expansion. Legacies are earnestly solicited and should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, c/o Royal College of Surgeons of England, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2.

* * *

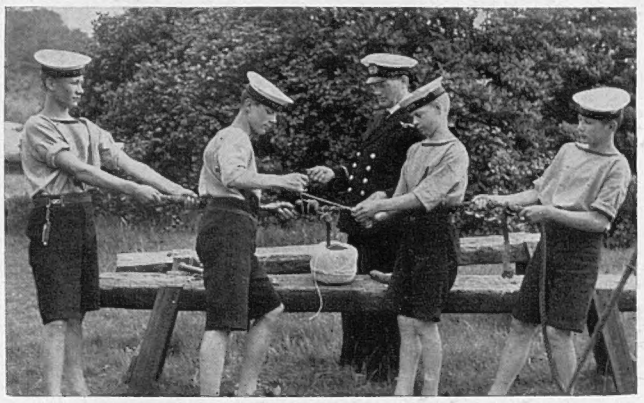
THE work of the **Salvation Army** among the fighting forces has gained a new importance by the outbreak of war. Already forty Welfare Centres are at work in Camps and Barracks and the number is increasing daily.

This is vital work—vital to the need of today. It will call for a tremendous effort. But the normal work among the community must go on. The call is more insistent. The aged, the sick and the homeless in even larger numbers look to them for inspiration and hope. Must they look in vain?

The slum and hostel work and Social Services must not be imperilled through lack of funds. May we appeal to YOU to help them in this endeavour.

The Salvation Army is at work in 97 countries and colonies, spreading the Spirit of Brotherhood in one hundred languages. To its spiritual message it adds the practical assistance of its social services among the sick and the suffering, the needy and the distressed.

If you feel that this is work worth doing, will you show your appreciation by helping the Army to carry on? It depends entirely on the support of its friends. Legacies are specially needed. Your gift will be gratefully accepted by General George L. Carpenter, International Headquarters, 101 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.



FOR THE SEA SERVICES OF THE EMPIRE:
Barnardo Boys receiving the expert tuition which makes them such excellent sailors.

ONE of the pleasing features of Christmas—even a war Christmas—is its element of surprise. Grown-ups can well recall their childish anticipations and wonderings as to what form their presents and gifts would take. There was an air of mystery about it—a fascination in the uncertainty.

Is it not just this uncertainty that casts a veil over the plain, hard facts of life, and makes them beautiful?

In **Dr. Barnardo's Homes** the "plain, hard facts" take the form of food, and boots, and clothing, and the wherewithal to provide them, and our readers are earnestly asked to take their share in this work, as they have done so nobly in the past, bearing in mind that the upkeep of each child in Dr. Barnardo's Homes—and there are 8,250 at present—is costing more per annum than it did before the war.

The rising cost of living and a hundred and one other war contingencies place an ever-increasing strain upon the purse-strings of these Homes.

Will you therefore take part in this great National Service and send a special Christmas Gift, which should be addressed to 20 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1. Cheques etc., should be crossed and made payable to Dr. Barnardo's Homes.

* * *

WAR between nations takes a heavy toll of life and resources—for this reason alone the other war being waged at home against cancer must be pursued unremittingly.

The Royal Cancer Hospital must be victorious in its fight against this dread disease. Although a number of organisations have decided to suspend activities the work of treatment and research at The Royal Cancer Hospital will continue unabated throughout the war.

During the difficult times ahead, please spare a thought and practical help for this great struggle. Last year alone there were 74,000 deaths from cancer. Thousands of pounds have to be spent yearly to prevent this frightening number from increasing. Now—more than ever—we need money to carry on.

Please send a gift however small, to keep the good work going to: The Royal Cancer Hospital, (Free), Fulham Road, London, S.W.3.

* * *

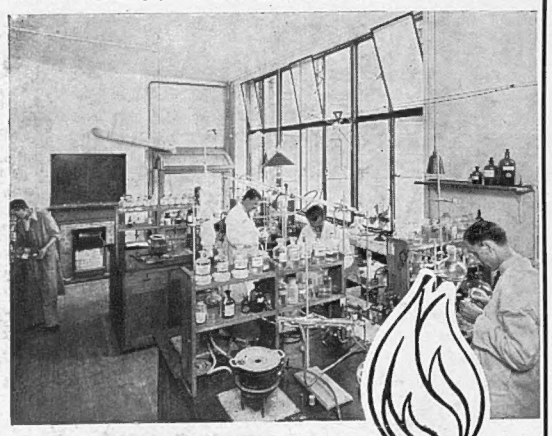
AT Edgware Way branch of **John Groom's Crippleage** there are 208 crippled girls in training, in employment and living in their village containing splendid workrooms, showroom, hospital, church and well-managed homes. The Clerkenwell branch, being in the danger zone, a large number of the crippled workers have been removed to Clacton where workrooms have been opened; this has proved a costly but necessary move. The provision of an air-raid shelter at Edgware has entailed an expenditure of £750.

In addition to the unique scope of this Christian enterprise, there is the John Groom's Orphanage at Clacton-on-Sea, where nearly 200 girls are maintained, including babies, up to 15 years of age. Economy is the watchword but without meanness. Many cripples are waiting for admission. Otherwise unemployable, cripples are turned into happy, self-respecting and self-helping individuals.

It is impossible to give in words an adequate picture of the happiness of the girls at work, and the wonder of the artificial flowers must be seen to be believed. Donations should be sent to: John Groom's Crippleage and Flower-Girls' Mission, 37 Sekforde St., Clerkenwell, London, E.C.1.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS OF THE ROYAL CANCER HOSPITAL

1



One of the Research Laboratories.

Research

Nowhere is the search for the cause and cure of Cancer prosecuted with greater vigour than in the Research Laboratories of The Royal Cancer Hospital.

The nature of the scourge is investigated by many different methods, physical, chemical, and biological. Certain chemical factors which may be concerned in the origin of Cancer are even now being examined. These compounds, first discovered in this Institute, are now in use in laboratories all over the world. This fight in the cause of humanity involves us in a heavy expenditure which must be met. We ask your help. Please send a gift now to the Treasurer.

The Royal Cancer Hospital
(FREE)
FULHAM ROAD LONDON, S.W.3

YOUR GOOD DEED FOR CHRISTMAS

● Scattered all over Great Britain are numerous Crippled Girls living in poor circumstances. They are untrained. Nobody wants them. Nobody will find employment for them. ● For over 70 years John Groom's Crippleage has been caring for such Girls—training them, housing them and maintaining them. ● They are trained to make artificial flowers, and when proficient are paid at Trade Union Rates, thus enabling them to become partially independent. ● The work *must* go on. But funds are low. ***Help is urgently needed now.*** Will you perform a GOOD DEED by sending a contribution? ● John Groom's Crippleage is entirely dependent upon Voluntary Contributions and Legacies. **President: The Lord Radstock. Chairman: B. Ewart White, Esq., J.P.** ● If you would like to know more about the work, please write for latest illustrated report, or if you forward 3d. in stamps we will send a SAMPLE ROSE made by the Cripples.

JOHN GROOM'S CRIPPLEAGE AND FLOWER-GIRLS' MISSION (Inc.)
37 Sekforde Street, Clerkenwell, London, E.C.1.

DON'T LET THE WAR HARM THE CHILDREN!

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Headquarters staff—still at Stepney. Children safely evacuated.
Family as large as ever—8,250. Fresh admissions every day.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

towards the upkeep of this National work will be heartily welcomed.

To-day's children are to-morrow's citizens!

Cheques, etc. (crossed), payable Dr. Barnardo's Homes, should be sent to 20 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

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Two-Slice Toaster

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The TOASTMASTER Toaster gives light, medium, or dark brown toast, *exactly as you like it*, automatically—the same every time. Set dial, press down lever, and in a few seconds your perfectly toasted bread is ready. Thermostatic control automatically shuts off current as soon as toast is done.
Attractive design—chromium plated.

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AN IDEAL GIFT FOR CHRISTMAS, WEDDINGS, BIRTHDAYS, ETC.

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Founded in 1902, under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England as a centre for research and information on cancer, the Imperial Cancer Research Fund is working unceasingly on the systematic investigation of the disease in man and animals. The work of this Fund and of other great centres of research has increased our knowledge of the origin and nature of cancer and has so altered our outlook that the disease is now curable in increasing numbers. Our previous accommodation has become too limited and **we have recently built new modern laboratories** to extend the scope of our investigations. The income from investments and the Endowment Fund is insufficient to cover the total annual expenditure, and help is urgently needed to meet the heavy additional cost of expansion.

Donations, Subscriptions and Legacies are earnestly solicited and should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, c/o Royal College of Surgeons of England, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I hereby bequeath the sum of £ to the Treasurer of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England, c/o Royal College of Surgeons of England, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2, for the purpose of Scientific Research, and I direct that his receipt shall be a good discharge for such legacy.

Welcome Always-
Keep it Handy

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CHERRY BRANDY

For Parties and Gifts

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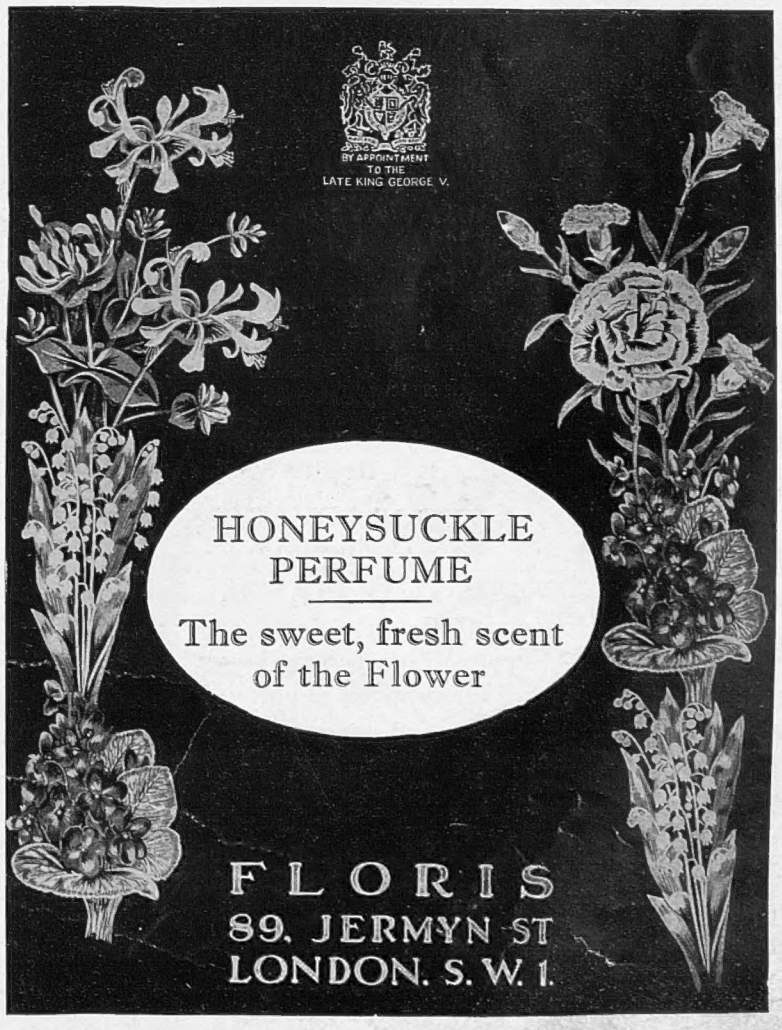

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NEWTON WHITTAKER

"Dewar's White Label" WHISKY

The Spirit of Give and Take

The Cup that Cheers~

Strengthens Nerves,

and ensures

Restorative Sleep

IT'S wonderful what a difference 'Ovaltine' can make to your outlook on life. This delicious tonic food beverage will build up the sound, healthy nerves which keep you cheerful and confident. Moreover, it is the world's best nightcap for ensuring natural, energy-creating sleep.

The exceptional nerve-building properties of 'Ovaltine' have been demonstrated in many scientific tests. It is supremely rich in lecithin—a valuable nerve-restoring element derived from the new-laid eggs used in its manufacture. ***No nerve food is complete without eggs.***

As a bedtime beverage, too, 'Ovaltine' is without equal. A 3-year series of scientific tests showed that 'Ovaltine', taken regularly at bedtime, cut down tossing and turning and gave a feeling of being "better rested" in the morning. ***'Ovaltine' is entirely free from drugs.***

Remember, also, that 'Ovaltine' contains in abundance the natural, protective food elements required to maintain your health and vitality throughout the winter. There is definitely nothing like it.

Drink delicious **Ovaltine**

and note the Difference in your Nerve-Strength and Outlook

P495a

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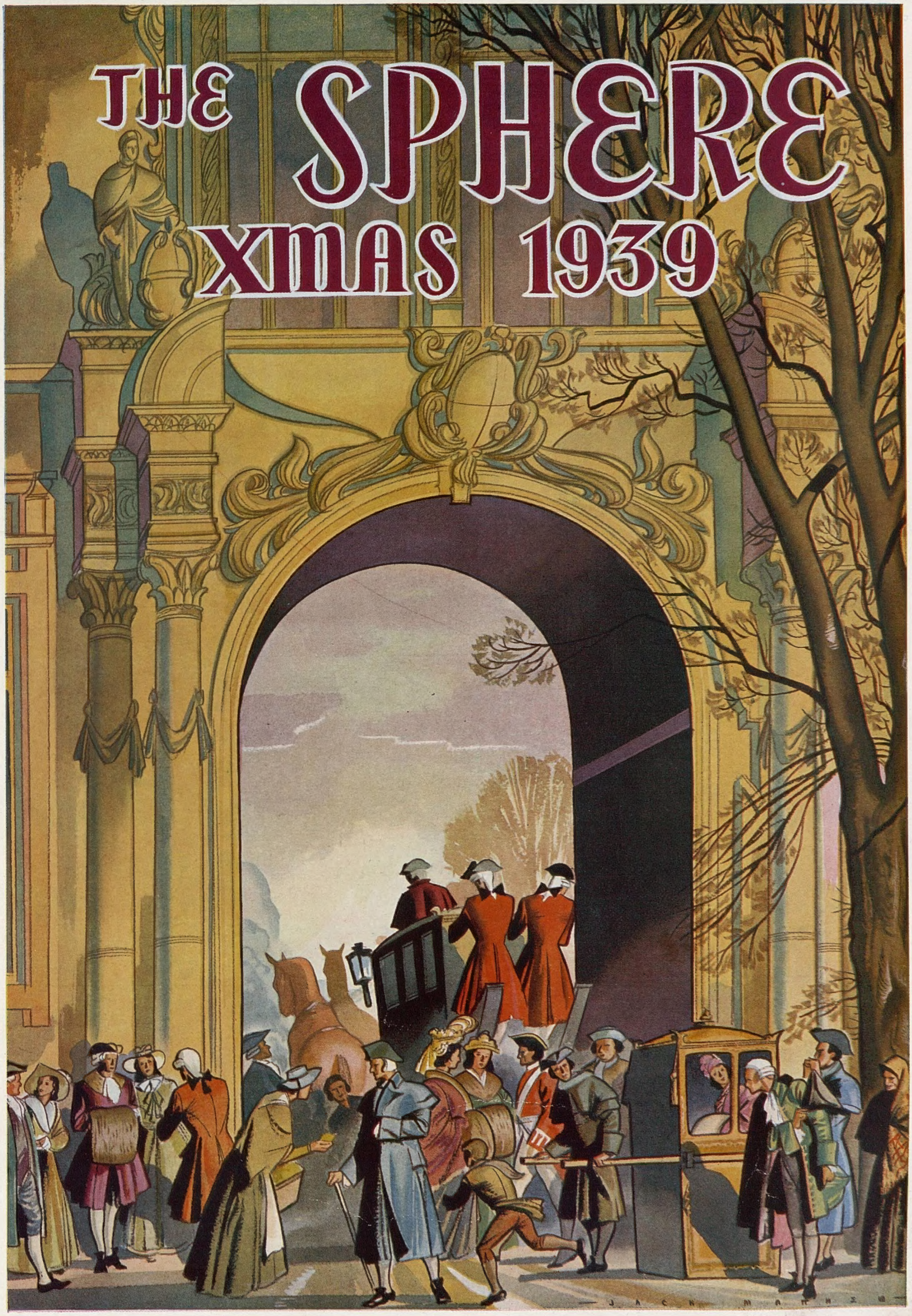
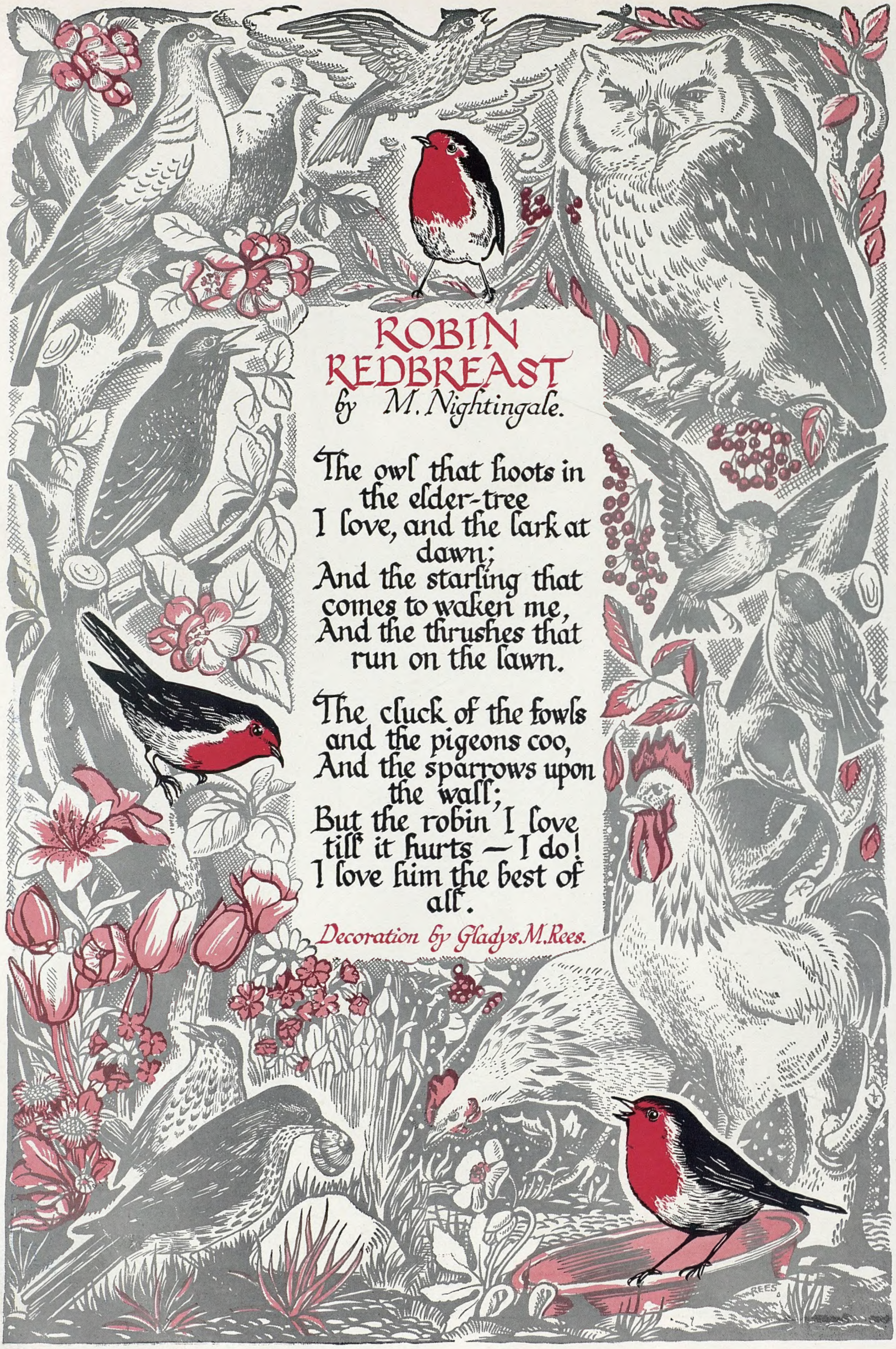
Price Two Shillings

THE SPHERE XMAS 1939



THE GATEWAY—
for all that it leads to, see inside

Drawing by Jack Mathew



ROBIN REDBREAST

by M. Nightingale.

The owl that hoots in the elder-tree
I love, and the lark at dawn;
And the starling that comes to waken me,
And the thrushes that run on the lawn.

The cluck of the fowls and the pigeons coo,
And the sparrows upon the wall;
But the robin I love till it hurts — I do!
I love him the best of all.

Decoration by Gladys M. Rees.

THE OLD FORD, WESTON TURVILLE

From the painting by the late Alexander Jamieson, exhibited at memorial exhibition, 1939

A FARM IN SUSSEX

By courtesy of the Ferens Art Gallery, Hull
From the painting by E. T. Holding

★ ★ ★ ★ FROM THE DAYS of Some Children's

FROM A COLOURED TOY BOOK OF ALADDIN AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP

Only a fragment of this toy book remains, but there is enough to show that it was delightfully illustrated. It was mounted on linen and published by Marcus Wards; The surviving leaves bear no date.

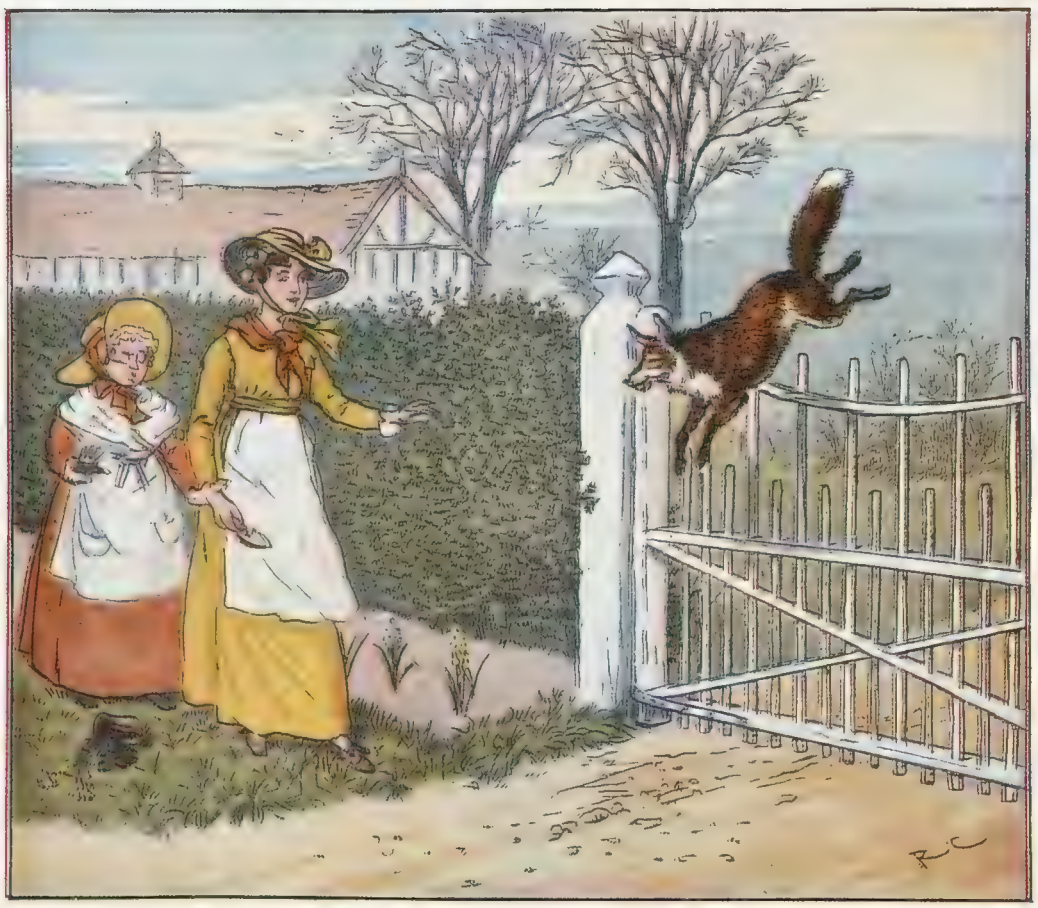
Kate Greenaway's little girls had an alluring charm

• • •

From "Little Ann and Other Poems," by Jane and Ann Taylor, a small, slim volume printed in colours by Edmund Evans and published by Routledge's many years ago.

THE GAUDY FLOWER, BY KATE GREENAWAY

The Greenaway Garden setting forms part of her enduring charm.



THE BRIGHT OPEN-AIR JOY OF RANDOLPH CALDECOTT'S COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS

This specimen of Caldecott's work is from "The Fox Jumps Over the Parson's Gate." Routledge's published it long ago.

The GAUDY FLOWER

Why does my Ann toss her head,
  And look so scornfully around,
As if she scarcely deign'd to tread
  Upon the daisy-dappled ground?

Does fancied beauty fire thine eye,
  The brilliant tint, the satin skin?
Does the loved glass, in passing by,
  Reflect a graceful form and thin?

• • •

The FOX JUMPS over the PARSON'S GATE

The Fox jumps over the Parson's gate,
  And the Hounds all after him go
  And the Hounds all after him go
  And the Hounds all after him go.

But all my fancy dwells on Nancy,
  So I'll cry, Tally-ho!
  So I'll cry, Tally-ho!

KATE GREENAWAY

Books which thrilled young people of years ago

Away back in Victoria's reign there were published some attractive books for boys and girls, in which the hero or heroine went through a series of adventures or progressed from early youth to manhood's or womanhood's success. The face in each case was the same, an oval space being cut out of each leaf, permitting one to see the prettily tinted face showing through. This one was entitled "The Little Traveller."

A COLOURED GAME SHEET BY CAPT. BASIL HALL, R.N.

This game-sheet, mounted on linen, contains a large number of little naval scenes neatly printed in colours.

THE LITTLE HERO IN BLUE SUIT, FUR TRIMMED, VISITS THE NIAGARA FALLS

The artist's draft for "The Little Traveller" Toy Book of Victorian days, published by Deans, is delightfully carried out in fine pen work and water colour tinting.

From "JACK THE GIANT KILLER"

In those days there lived on St. Michael's Mount, off Cornwall, which rises out of the sea at some distance from the mainland, a huge giant. He was 18 feet high, and 3 yards round; and his fierce and savage looks were the terror of all his neighbours. He dwelt in a gloomy cavern on the very top of the mountain, and used to wade over to the mainland in search of his prey. When he came near, the people left their houses; and, after he had glutted his appetite upon their cattle, he would throw half a dozen oxen upon his back, and tie three times as many sheep and hogs round his waist, and so march back to his own abode. The giant had done this for many years, and the coast of Cornwall was greatly hurt by his thefts, when Jack boldly resolved to destroy him . . . . .

HUGH THOMSON COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS TO "JACK THE GIANT KILLER"

By Courtesy of Macmillans

One of the most vigorous and sympathetic illustrators of children's books was the late Hugh Thomson. These two illustrations are typical of his style. The one on the left shows a giant striding off with a number of cows and sheep and on the right, Jack being informed that the Giant Thundel was waiting for him.

MANNEKINS

From the painting by Elsa Gronvold, recently on exhibition R.O.I. Prince's Gallery

The TRANSFORMATION of SIR ARTHUR

A Victorian Interlude of the 50's

By Henry Cockton

SIR ARTHUR'S personal appearance underwent a very striking metamorphosis. He had been for years in the habit of wearing (except, indeed, when full dressed) top-boots, buckskin smalls, a buff waistcoat, and a blue coat, the back of which was covered with powder to the waist, while the collar was glazed by the friction of his queue. But all these things were *queue à queue* reformed; First, the thick and everlasting buckskins were discarded; then the eternal tops, which looked like the remains of a pair of antediluvian chimney-pots; then the buff waistcoat; and then the immortal blue coat of peculiar cut. All this was effected gradually, of course, and with unexampled tact on the part of Caroline, who found that by nothing short of actual fascination could the change upon which she had set her soul be accomplished.

At length, however, the *queue* itself was doomed, and as Caroline felt that, in seeking to effect the removal of that, she was treading upon dangerous ground, she proceeded with infinite caution.

"Darling," she observed, having resolutely made up her mind, "you are looking extremely well this morning. Really, I must, in order to compete with you, take a few lessons in the art of dressing to advantage."

"Well, it's a most delightful study, I must say," replied Sir Arthur. "When you have got as far into it as I have, you'll doubtless pursue it with zeal."

"Nay, study will be valueless in that case, my love, because then I shall be perfect."

"Lady Cleveland, your politeness is always conspicuous. However, I am happy to find that in your estimation I am perfect at last. Upon my honour, I began to think I never *should* be."

"Perfect? *Did* I say perfect? Well, you are—very nearly; if I could but prevail upon you to adopt one suggestion, you would be quite."

"Is there another alteration contemplated then? I have heard of the transmigration of souls, and sometimes fancy myself one of the Metempsychi; I have also heard of the transmogrification of bodies, but I firmly believe that no body was so perfectly transmogrified as mine has been. No one knows me! I am passed in the streets by my oldest friends. They look, it is true, and then stop, and go on again, and then turn to have another look, in the perfect conviction that they have seen me somewhere, but utterly unable to recollect where. And, upon my life, I don't wonder at it, for really I sometimes hardly know myself."

"But you will, no doubt, admit that your appearance has been greatly improved by the change?"

"Why, I don't know, my dear. I used to look a respectable old fellow enough, but now I scarcely know what I do look like. I seem to belong to no defined order of architecture, unless it be the Composite—make up of all."

"But I would have you belong to the Corinthian order."

"Look at the apex, my love; that's the point; look at the apex. You have heard of its being absurd to expect to find an old head upon young shoulders, of course?"

"That is the very anomaly, dear, to which I am now about to draw your attention."

"I perceive, I perceive; I knew it would come to that. You would have me dye my hair?"

"Oh *no!* *Dye* it, dear? Certainly not. But I'll tell you what I'd have: I'd have that little pigtail removed. It causes people to imagine that you are old; and it really is neither useful nor ornamental."

"In this particular instance I cannot admire your taste. But don't us say another word about the matter; it is now the only emblem of ancient respectability I have about me."

"But why do you wish to have any such emblem? You have, surely, no desire to *look* ancient? Now do have it off, there's a darling; *do* to oblige me, and I'll give you I don't know how many kisses. You *will* oblige me, darling, will you not?"

"In anything but that."

"But what on earth is the use of it? What is there in it? Really I can see nothing at all in the nasty thing, and yet you pride yourself upon it."

"I certainly do; it's a fact; I admit it to be a fact."

"Then I'll have it preserved as a natural curiosity; I will, upon my honour. Let it be taken off, and I'll have it framed and glazed; I'll have it placed upon a hook, surmounted by a tablet, whereon shall be inscribed, 'Hereby hangs a tail.' It's a positive nuisance; I can't bear to see it."

"Well, then, I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll make a compromise with you; I'll wear it inside. There; I'll wear it inside."

"Oh, but it will tickle you, then, dear; I know it will."

"Well, never mind, my love, let it tickle."

"No, no, have it taken off; do, there's a love?"

"But, my dear, I should look so naked!"

"Oh, dear me, no; not if you have a beautiful dark brown peruke."

"Oh, a wig! It is in that way you wish me to disguise myself then, is it? Lady Cleveland! Lady Cleveland!"

"Well, never mind dear; then he shall not be teased. The darling shall still have his beautiful tail. It shan't be cut off (*Continued on page 56*)

A CASE OF ENCIRCLEMENT?

Painted for "The Sphere" Christmas Number by Hookway Cowles

THE WAR AGAINST WHEELS

How the Coach began to displace the hardy rider on horseback

Described by Edmund B. d'Auvergne. Illustrated by H. M. Brock.

Pedestrians in the narrow streets found the wide coaches a great nuisance. Passers by were forced to press against the sides of the houses.

IN 1939, the railways were asking for fair play. They sought protection against the motor vehicle. A hundred years ago, it was the owners of the mail coaches who were protesting, ineffectively, against the railways. But their resistance was by no means as stout or protracted as that offered by the patrons of the horse, a century and a half earlier, to the popularization of stage coaches.

Down to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, wheeled vehicles were used only by farmers for carting their produce short distances. Everybody who travelled went on horseback. Very great people when they were sick or infirm occasionally went in litters slung between two or four horses. But in the year 1564, as is well known, a Dutchman made a coach for Queen Elizabeth. Another was built for the Earl of Arundel. By the end of the sixteenth century, wheeled vehicles had become in the opinion of conservative Englishmen a national nuisance. Stow very reasonably pointed out that the streets of London were far too narrow for such traffic. "The world," he laments, "runs on wheeles with many whose parents were glad to goe on foote." Elizabeth, alarmed at the example she had given, decreed by law that men should not ride in coaches "as too effeminate." In vain!—the fashion had caught on. "They never swarmed so thick as they do now," groans an historian in the first Charles's time, "till the year 1605; then (he adds significantly) was the Gunpowder treason hatched and at that time did the coaches breed and multiply."

They bred in such numbers that the Queen's act was repealed in 1625. Coaches now plyed for hire. The public conveyance had come into existence. But the old prejudice endured long. In 1673, more than a hundred years after the introduction of coaches, their suppression, especially in the neighbourhood of London, was urged, among thirteen other reforms, by the author of a tract entitled *The Grand Concern of England.*

His argument is stated at great length and with abundance of detail. He belongs to that school of thought which prefers the economic prosperity of the kingdom to the convenience of the public. *Coaches, he says, destroy the breed of good horses, the strength of the nation, and make men careless of attaining to good horsemanship,* "*a thing so useful and commen-*

Riding on horseback was the usual manner of travelling for everyone till the time of Queen Elizabeth. The horseman could start and stop when and where he liked, not being forced to be up before dawn to catch a public coach, but he endured much discomfort and dirt in wet weather.

dable in a gentleman. "The use of coaches renders men effeminate, unable to endure frost, rain or snow, or to lodge in the fields.

"There is such a lazy habit of body upon men that they, to indulge themselves, to save their fine clothes and keep themselves clean and dry, will ride lolling in one of them and endure all the inconveniences of that manner of travelling rather than ride on horseback."

This desire of men to save their fine clothes is a sore point with our author. Travellers by coach are content to take with them a silk suit and an Indian gown, with a sash, silk stockings and beaver hat, which are not spoiled; instead of which, the two suits carried by a horseman, one for the journey and one to wear at his journey's end, were very soon ruined by the wet and dirt, to the consequent advantage of the worthy tailors and clothiers. Moreover those who adopted this cowardly fashion of travelling in company did not trouble to carry swords, pistols or belts —to the serious loss again of those engaged in the manufacture of such articles. No lament is made about women's clothes, which should have suffered more, but it is pointed out that no fewer than *thirty distinct trades* went to the making of the pillion or side-saddle now threatened with disuse.

Strangely enough, our patriotic critic makes no mention of the new industry of coach-building itself and of the employment it procured to wheelwrights, painters, upholsterers and other craftsmen. A friend, too, of the tailors, he yet does them a disservice by complaining that more money is spent on the fashions because of the easiness of access to the capital.

Perhaps it was a pity that travellers did not wear out their clothes as speedily as formerly, but the pamphleteer is on firmer ground deploring the decline in horse-breeding. Forty horses in relays of four were used by the stage coaches running between London and York, Chester and Exeter, each conveying six passengers three times a week. If the coaches ran full every time, no fewer than 1,872 passengers were thus carried in one year by forty horses whereas five hundred would formerly have been required. In the neighbourhood of London, "not so many horses, by ten thousand, were kept as before coaches were set up."

Roads had not been constructed for heavy wheeled traffic and the passengers were often bogged, requiring the assistance of farm horses to pull the coach out of the thick soft mud.

The drivers were changed four times and each expected a tip.

Those who were passengers would have had one horse at least apiece. Those "who ride sneaking without any attendants at all" would have been accompanied by one, two or three servants, all mounted, and these instead of drinking freely on the road like proper Englishmen, now sat at home, drinking home-brewed ale on which no duty was paid. Hence a serious loss to his majesty's excise. As to the poor inn-keeper,

"A coach with four horses carries six passengers. These when they come to their inn club together for a dish or two of meat, and having no servants with them, spend not above twelve or sixteenpence apiece, yet perhaps foul four, five or six pair of sheets. Horses they have none but what draw them; and for these the coachmen agree with the innkeeper beforehand to have the hay and oats at so low a rate that he loseth by them . . . otherwise, the coachman carries his passengers to another inn."

In order to avoid these disastrous consequences, the inn-keepers, it is admitted, frequently set up coaches themselves, so it does not seem probable that "the trade" as a whole suffered.

This is the national aspect of the question. Our pamphleteer, who describes himself as a Lover of His Country, and Well-wisher to the Prosperity of the King and Kingdom, goes on to the personal appeal. The coach fare from London to York was forty shillings, single. The drivers were changed four times in the course of the journey and each expected a tip of one shilling from every passenger, who, moreover, had to contribute a total of three shillings for drinks. Thus the cost of the return journey amounted to £4 11s. (five shillings more in winter). The journey consumed from eight to twelve days according to the season. Arrived in London, travellers usually made a stay of twelve days. For lodgings, they had to pay as much as five or six shillings a week, "besides the inconvenience of having meat from the cooks', at double the price they might have it from an inn. . . ." If stage coaches were down and men travelled again on horseback, then when they came into their inns, they would pay nothing for lodgings."

From this it may be inferred that an inclusive charge was made for man and beast. Why the coach passenger should have not put up also at an inn, is not made clear. A man could ride to York in five days. For the three weeks required for the double journey and the customary stay in town, a sum of £1 16s. was allowed for horse hire and £1 5s. for "horse meat." Going on horseback instead of by coach, you might thus save two pounds.

(*Continued on a later page*)

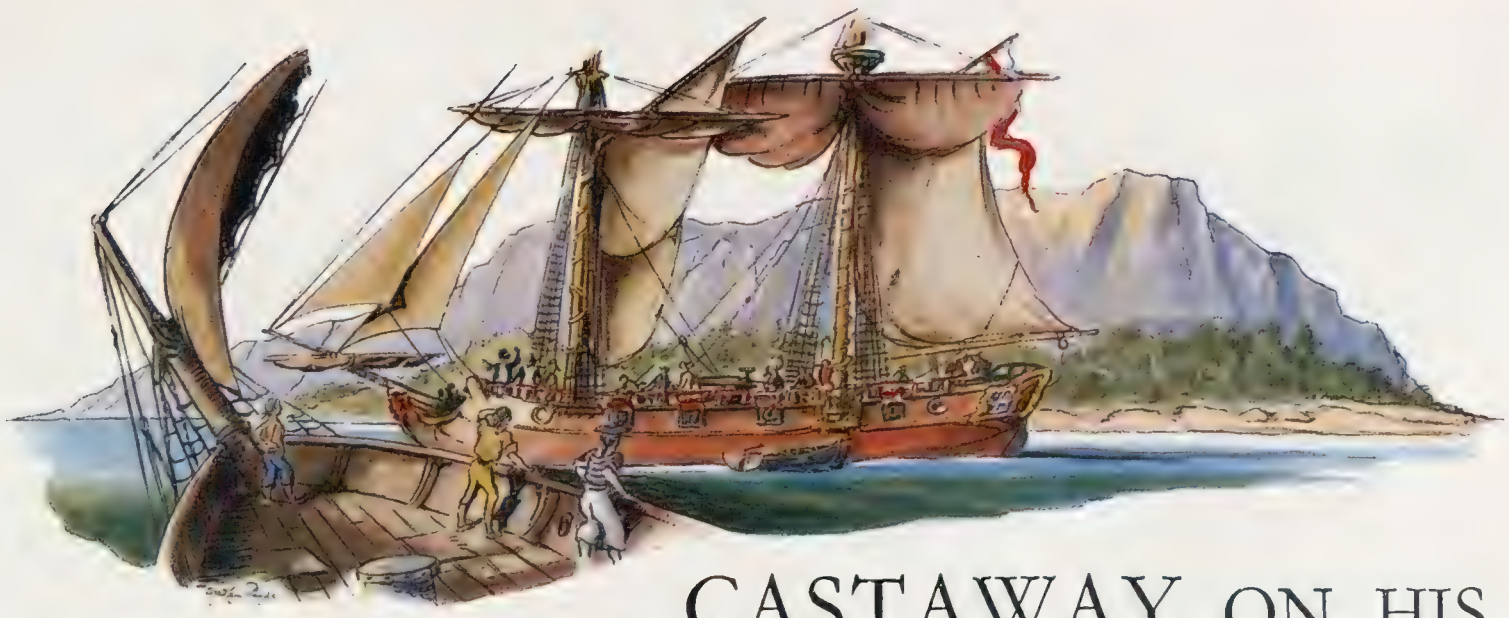
THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY IN PORCELAIN

THE DANCING FIGURES
from the Franks Collection
British Museum

GIRLS WATCHING A CUPID
(1780)
from the Barwell Bequest
British Museum

A MEISSEN GROUP
(*about* 1775)
Dillon Collection
British Museum

A SAILOR AND HIS LASS
(*about* 1765)
British Museum
Collection



Captain Roberts is greeted with a shout from the pirate ship, "From whence come you." I told him. "From Barbados."

CASTAWAY ON HIS OWN SHIP

The Capture of Captain George Roberts by pirates off the Cape Verde Islands in 1722 and his subsequent adventures

IN September of the year 1721, a certain Captain George Roberts entered into an arrangement with some merchant gentlemen to trade down the west coast of Africa and the Cape Verde Islands. He was to work in conjunction with one Captain Andrew Scott, who would be in command of *King Sagamore*, 22 guns, which would sail with the sloop *Dolphin*. Captain Roberts was to act as chief mate on the *King Sagamore* till the arrival at Virginia, when he would take possession of the *Dolphin*. The two vessels were held up at Plymouth owing to contrary winds. Their visit coincided with the presence of the *Royal Anne* galley, a man-of-war which was to convey my Lord Belhaven to Barbados—he being appointed Governor there. The *Royal Anne* put to sea in doubtful weather and my Lord and almost all the souls that were aboard her were castaway on the rocks off the Lizard.

Captain Roberts goes aboard the pirate ship and is abused by the captain. "You dog, what was the reason you did not come aboard when the boat first came? What do you think you deserve?"

THE two captains had to wait a month before a decently favourable wind enabled them to proceed. After landing at various points, they eventually made Barbados in the latter part of March. Here they had difficulty in disposing of their Canary wine, the inhabitants for the most part being used to drinking Madeira, although the Canary wine was really twice as costly. Other difficulties arising, Captain Scott declined to proceed to Virginia, although, according to Captain Roberts, that was definitely a part of the original orders and instructions of their owners. Captain Roberts decided at this point to part company with Captain Scott who, as it happened, owed him certain monies which were to be repaid on arrival at Virginia. Captain Scott replied that he could not possibly meet Captain Roberts's demand as he had not been able to dispose of his effects, but that he thought he would be able to buy a sloop on credit in his own name. Captain Scott's financial condition as regards any cash transactions appearing very doubtful, Captain Roberts was obliged to accept the proposal as the only means of realising any of the monies due to him.

"ACCORDINGLY we pitch'd upon a Sloop that was to be sold there. She was then call'd the *Margaret*, and the then Master's Name was *Alexander Fisher;* she was about 60 Tun of Cask, indifferently well found for those Parts, and by the Register she was between 4 and 5 Years old, and was an extraordinary Penny-worth. I was discharg'd by Captain Scott from the *King Sagamore* April the 24th, 1722, and the same Day took Possession of the Sloop; and being oblig'd to register her anew, the old Register Certificate being pretty much torn, and the Property now altered."

Then came the question of stocking the sloop, and again Captain Scott proved a very elusive person to deal with and it was only through the generosity of some well-disposed gentlemen of the island, that Captain Roberts was able to get together a fairly pretty cargo. It was arranged that the two ships should keep together till they came to the latitude of the Cape Verde islands, both for the reason that an opportunity could then be had of a final settlement of accounts between the two Captains and also on account of the presence of some pirates who were reported to be lurking about the Caribbees.

For three days the vessels kept together, when a taut squall of wind and rain split the mainsail of Captain Roberts' sloop, in such a way that it had to be hauled down. The *King Sagamore* did not shorten sail and continued on her way and it does not appear that Captain Roberts ever saw the *King Sagamore* again. He went down for a time with a fever but eventually again reached the Cape Verde Islands. He passed on to the island of Palmera and was engaged in carrying a priest and some natives for the island of St. Nicholas when the great adventure of his life began. He had anchored

The pirates were evidently closely linked with the famous group operating in Caribbean waters in 1770

in Currisal Road before noon, and had obtained a necessary supply of wood and water—these operations being finished about 11 o'clock in the evening. Unfortunately for Captain Roberts the night proved so calm in the roadstead that he could not weigh anchor. The priest with his four blacks having been seasick spent the night ashore on the sand, by agreement with the captain. A few of the other blacks were also on the island; they had been hunting for wild goats. They were to be fetched off by boat if the captain had the opportunity of weighing during the night—but that opportunity was not to come.

"NEXT morning," writes Captain Roberts, "about Dawning, as it was my usual Custom, I turned out, it continuing still Calm; and as the Day broke out, looking about, I espy'd three Sail of Ships off the Bay, one Ship to the Eastward, another Ship to the Westward, and the Third right off the Middle of the Bay; the first of them that I made plain with my Glass was the Eastwardmost Ship, which seemed to be a full-built and loaden Ship, and I took the rest to be the same, and

Text illustrations by Wyndham Payne

Conference in the cabin of pirate ship to discuss the fate of Roberts and his sloop, accompanied by much drinking from a great silver bowl of punch. The bowl held about two gallons, but Roberts himself drank wine.

CASTAWAY ON HIS OWN

"They left me an old mainsail that was much rent and torn, and rotten; I haled it upon deck and spread it, but was at a sad loss how to contrive to mend it."

of her Company, and imagined that, perhaps, they might want water, etc. They had but very little Wind in the Offing, and it continued still calm in the Bay. I saw them bring to, then edge away, but could not perceive any Signals made by them; and seeing them act thus, I still continued in my first Opinion, that they wanted to touch at the Island for Wood, Water, etc., but that, perhaps, they might be unacquainted with the Roads or Harbours of the Island; insomuch that I was almost of the Mind to send my Mate off with the Boat to conduct them in."

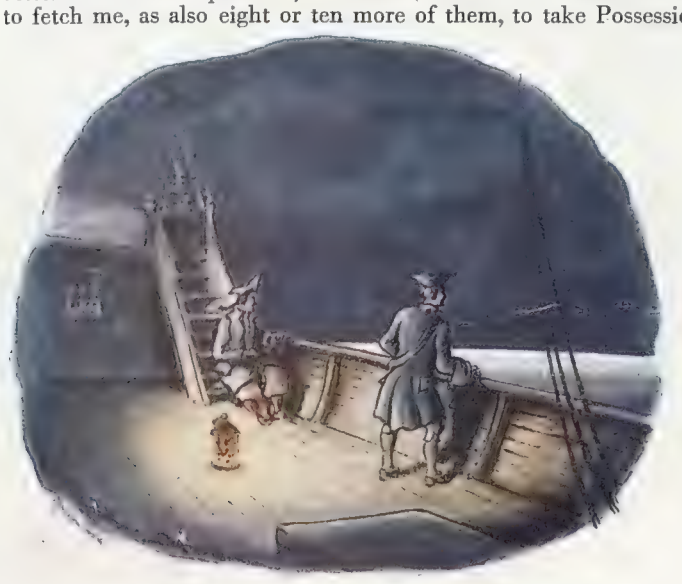
The middle ship stood right in to Captain Roberts, the wind having freshened after the calm night.

"As she drew nigher, I made her with my Glass to be a scooner, and full of Hands, all in their white Shirts, and likewise I saw a whole Tier of Great Guns; and then, indeed, I began to suspect what they were: But I had no Remedy but patiently to wait the Event, for I could do nothing, except I put the Vessel ashore, which would have been meer Madness to have done, altho' I had been sure they were Pirates; and I was so surrounded by them, that there was no Possibility of escaping from them, and especially it holding calm within the Bay; and they coming in with the Day-Breeze, came in as Fast as the Wind. He came in under an *English* Ensign, Jack, and Pendant, and as soon as I perceiv'd his Colours, I hoisted my Ensign; he had eight Guns, and six Pattereroes, and seventy Men. He stretch'd a-head of us, and haled us; I answer'd him: He ask'd, *Where the Sloop belong'd to?* I answer'd, *To* London. He ask'd, *From whence we came?* I told him, *From* Barbados. He said, *It was very well; he knew that;* and so brought to a-head of us, and bid me send my Boat on Board of him; which accordingly I did, with two Hands in her, and I myself kept walking on the Deck.

"THE Captain of the Scooner, whose Name was *John Lopez*, a *Portuguese*, ask'd the People who came on Board of him with the Boat, *Where the Master of the Sloop was?* who answer'd, *That he was on Board, and sent them with the Boat to know what they wanted.* He ask'd them, *Which was the Master of the Sloop?* So they shew'd me to him as I was walking the Sloop's Deck, and then he immediately call'd to me, saying, *You Dog! You Son of a B——! you speckled-Shirt Dog!* (for I had a speckled Holland Shirt on, and was Slip-shoe'd, and without Stockings, being just as I turn'd out of my Cabin). So he still continued calling in that Manner, and I considering what Hands I was fallen into, and that it would be easie for them to send a Ball through me for my Silence, which, perhaps, they might deem Contempt of them, as indeed it was, I thought it was the safest and wisest Course, to answer, according to the Proverb, *When your Hand is in the Lion's Mouth, get it out as easie as you can*, and not, in the least, to seem to resent any thing that they said, or did to me, but endeavour to submit, if not with a willing Mind, yet with a seeming Patience, as, in truth, I could do no otherwise, except I would, with a foolish Rashness, provoke them to be my Executioners.

"SO I answer'd him, *Ho lo:* He said, *You Dog, you, why did not you come on Board with the Boat, you Son of a B——? I will drub you, you Dog, within an Inch of your Life, and that Inch too.* I *made him Answer, That he only commanding the Boat on Board, I did not think he required me; but if he pleased to send the Boat, I would come and wait upon him on Board.* He answered, *Ay, you Dog, and I will teach you better Manners.* Upon this, he order'd some of the Pirates into my Boat, to fetch me, as also eight or ten more of them, to take Possession of the Sloop mean while; which accordingly was done, and I came along Side of the Scooner. The Captain of her still continued to threaten me with drubbing, *to teach me better Manners than so to affront him.* I answer'd, *I did not design to affront him, or any of the Company. D—n you, you Dog*, said he, *do not stand there to chatter; come on Board.* So up the Side I came, this glib-tongu'd Captain standing at the Entring-place, with his Cutlash ready drawn in his Hand, to receive me. The least I expected was a sound drubbing Bout, and I had abundance of Reason to apprehend even worse than that, he still continuing to threaten what he would do to me when I came in: But a Man in a Gold Laced Hat, whom afterwards I understood to be the Gunner, looked over the Side, as I was coming up, and said, *Come up, Master, you shall not be abused.*

"AFTER I got in, the Captain up with his Cutlash, as tho' he was going to cleve me down, and said, *You Dog, you, what was the Reason you did not come on board when the Boat first came? What do you think you deserve?* I answered, *If I had done amiss, it was through Ignorance, and for want of knowing better; and hoped that he would excuse this my Fault, I not knowing who or what they were.* Then he rapped out an Oath, with a *Damn you, you Dog, what, or who do you think we are?*"



"Clear and starlit commonly by night, but saw nothing like a vessel all this time which was the chief and principal thing we looked out for."

Painted by Montague Dawson

SHIP BY PIRATES—Captain Roberts' story (*Continued from page 21*)

Captain Roberts replied tactfully that he thought they were gentlemen of fortune belonging to sea—but the only answer he got to that was "You lie. By God, we are pirates." The pirate Captain also wished to know why Captain Roberts had not put on his best clothes, to which Roberts replied he had not had enough time to make any alteration to his ordinary dress, but that he easily change if the pirate Captain so desired.

"No, damn you, what clothes we took you shall keep—but your sloop and what is in her is ours."

ALL during this time the pirates had been rummaging aboard Captain Roberts's vessel. The priest and the blacks on the island had retreated up the rocks. The Pirate Captain continued that Captain Roberts had better speak the truth as he knew all about him, and then it appeared that the treacherous Captain Scott had stated that the ship was his and that he had filled the hold with sugar, rum and so forth.

Then records Captain Roberts, "I asked them how it was with Captain Scott. They thought he was better off than he deserved and told me how they had burnt his ship and how he had been put ashore at Bona Vista, where they believed he, at present, was."

The four vessels moved down to a better anchorage—Captain Roberts regretfully observing that his own cable and anchor were slothfully left behind. One of the vessels, the *Rose Pink*, of 36 guns, commanded by Edward Low, edged in towards Russell's Ship and a conference took place between the captains—Captain Russell himself was taken on board the *Rose Pink*, where a discussion on the ethics of piracy seems to have taken place, to the accompaniment of much drinking from a great bowl of punch holding two gallons, but Roberts himself drank wine.

"ABOUT 8 o'clock," said Roberts, "I took my leave of him and went to my hammock where I remained all night, not being able to guess yet, what they designed to do with me—whether they intended to give me the sloop again or to burn her, as I had heard it tossed about by some, or to keep me a prisoner on board, or put me ashore.

"My two Boys and Mate remained still on Board the Sloop, but all the rest they took on Board of them, not once so much as asking them whether they would Enter with them, only demanding their Names, which the Steward writ down in their Roll-Book

Captain Roberts was obliged to spend much of his time on one or other of the piratical vessels and endured a time of nervous strain.

One day he was approached by two of the (*Continued on page* 54)

"As the day broke out, I espy'd three sail of ships off the bay. . . . I began to suspect what they were. But I had no remedy but patiently, to wait the event. . . . I was so surrounded by them, that there was no possibility of escaping from them, it holding calm within the bay, and they coming in with the day breeze."

SNOW IN GLEBE PLACE

from the painting by James Proudfoot recently on exhibition at OsterleyPark

WHEN THE SNOW COMES

"Fast falls the fleecy shower; the snowy flakes
Descending, and with never-ceasing lapse
Softly alighting upon all below,
Assimilate all objects."—*Thomson*

SNOW ON BEACON HILL

from the watercolour drawing by S. Mackenzie Litten recently on exhibition at Osterley Park

THE FAIR ONE UNMASKED

from the painting by Henry Robert Morland

The beautiful wife of David Garrick, the famous actor, is believed to have sat for this portrait. She was a Viennese dancer—Eva Maria Violette Veigel—who made a great sensation when she appeared in London, King George III attending her first performance. The painting was formerly in the collection of Mr. Thomas St. John Grant, of Kilmurry House, Kilworth, Co. Cork. It is said to be the original of a famous engraving by Carrington Bowles, published in the 18th century.

A TUDOR LOVE STORY: by Mary Headlam

The fate of Lady Jane Grey's sister.

Two young figures slipped out from the Palace and made their way towards Westminster.

Drawings by Wyndham Paine

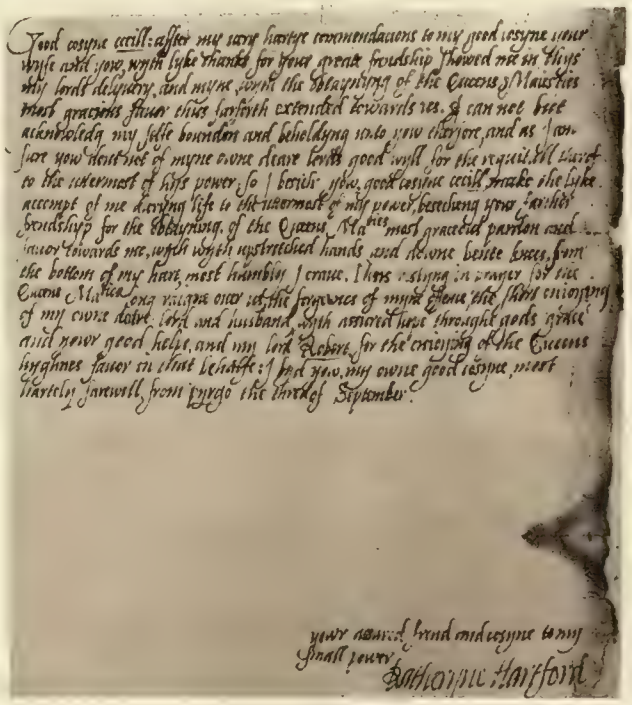
THE Palace of Whitehall was early astir. The Queen was going hunting in her preserves at Eltham. The courtyard was gay with the paraphernalia of the chase. Hounds, horses, courtiers, maids in waiting, lackeys, huntsmen, crowded the space in front of the Palace. Presently the Queen appeared, in happy mood as always when the hunt was up.

After the hunting party had moved off, the old Palace resumed its dignified quiet. But presently a door was quietly opened, and two anxious young faces looked cautiously around. Nothing seemed to be moving in the sunny shadows of the orchard trees. A moment later, the two young figures slipped out and made their way eagerly but carefully through the trees, now bare of leaves and fruit, down to the Queen's Steps leading to the Queen's Walk along the sands of the river bank, towards Westminster.

ONE of these girls was our heroine, Lady Katherine Herbert a sister of Lady Jane Grey. She had been unhappily married at the age of 15, to Lord Herbert, a marriage which was quickly dissolved when the name of Grey fell under the royal displeasure. She was Maid of Honour first to Queen Mary, and with the death of that monarch, to Queen Elizabeth.

The other girl in this fatal escapade was Lady Jane Seymour, her bosom companion, and also Maid of Honour to Queen Elizabeth. She was the sister of Lord Hertford, the hero of this story. It was she who had made all the arrangements for the secret marriage to which they were wending their way.

It was after the execution of her sister, the famous Lady Jane Grey, that Lady Katherine met Lord Hertford. She soon fell a victim to his charms and the lovers met frequently, first at his mother's house at Hanworth and afterwards at Hampton Court.



Lady Katherine Grey to Sir W. Cecil.

I besick yow, good cosyne Cecill, make the lyke accompt of me duryng life to the uttermost of my power; besecheng your farther frendshyp for the obtayning of the Queens Majesties most graceous pardon and favor towards me, wych wyth upstretched hands and downe bente knees from the bottom of my hart, most humbly I crave. Thus restyng in prayer for the Queens Majesties long riegne over us, the forgevnes of mune offence, the short enjoying of my owne deare Lord and husband, wyth assured hope. . . . I byd you, my owne good cosyne, most hartely farewell. . . .

Probably for the first and last time in her life, Katherine must have known the happiness of being loved and admired, as she met and talked with her lover in the lovely gardens of the Palace by the river. Lady Jane was their constant friend and confidante, and helped them to many a secret meeting. But the Queen's consent had to be obtained before they could marry. The Duchess of Suffolk, Katherine's mother, undertook to approach Elizabeth on the subject, but died before it was done. In the end, despairing of winning the Royal assent, the lovers decided to marry secretly. There is a hint of a plot on the part of the Spaniards to carry off Katherine and marry her to Don Carlos of Spain in 1559, and this may have induced them to arrange a secret marriage. Lady Jane undertook to find a priest and make all arrangements. One cold day, therefore, as we have seen, the two young girls escaped to the house of Lord Hertford in Canon Row, Westminster. There they found a priest without surplice, attired in a long black Geneva gown. The ceremony took place in the bedroom of the bridegroom, with no other witness but this priest and Lady Jane. After it was over, the priest quickly disappeared (his name was never known, and he was never traced), no document was signed, and the only evidence of the wedding was the ring of five links, engraven with lines of poetry of the bridegroom's composition.

A letter from Lord John Grey, describes Lady Katherine's state.

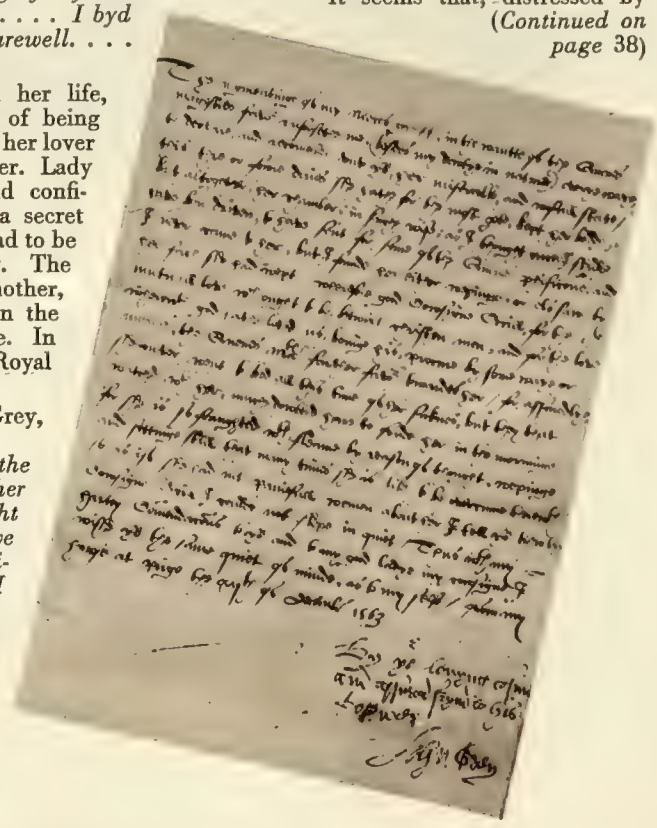
this thre or foure daies she hathe for the most part kept her bedde, but altogether her chamber, in suche wise as I thought once I shulde have ben driven to have sent for some of the Quenes Phisicions; and I never came to her, but I founde her either wepinge or els' sawe by her face she had wept . . . many times she is like to be overcome therewith; so as if she had no painefull women about her, I tell you trewlye Cowsine Cecill, I could slepe in quiet. . . .

xijth Dec. 1563.

The bride returned to her Court duties; the bridegroom went to France. In the following August, Katherine's condition aroused suspicions at Court, which was then at Ipswich. There is a letter from Sir William Cecil to the Earl of Sussex, dated 12th August, 1561, as follows:—"the 10th of this, at Ippswich, was a great mishapp discovered. The Lady Cathene is certenly knowen to be bigg with child, as she sayth, by the Erle of Hertford, who is in France. She is committed to the Tower. He is sent for. She sayth that she was married to him secretly before Christmas last. . . ."

It seems that, distressed by

(*Continued on page* 38)



THE LUTE PLAYER

from the self-portrait by Jan Steen, 1626-1679

This picture by the famous painter of Leyden in Holland is the first of a series given in this issue illustrating the charm of the lute. A wonderful array of great artists have been attracted by the lute as a motif. Some of their canvases are shown in colour.

THE LOVER'S LUTE

A special section dealing with a famous musical instrument which reigned supreme for 600 years

Types of lutes and archlutes in the Victoria and Albert Collection.

These instruments have bodies finely inlaid with ivory on ebony or walnut.

FROM the twelfth century to the mid-eighteenth the lute—your pot-bellied lute—was the inevitable accompaniment of romance. Its haunting, tender notes vibrated through the cold grey Gothic halls and tapestry-hung boudoirs of the middle ages—enchanting musicians and artists alike—it soared to a crescendo of popularity during the Renaissance period fostered and set off against a splendid background of beautifully carved panelling and richly woven carpets, the rustling silks and soft velvets of the period making an enchanting setting for so sweet an instrument—a subject that inspired every great artist of the succeeding centuries to paint a masterpiece.

For six hundred years it flourished until at last its popularity waned under the crushing influence of the stilted and cultivated amours and insincerities of the eighteenth century — its throbbing notes drowned by the sophisticated and complex performances of the ever-increasingly popular violin quartet.

The history of the lute is particularly interesting—it was introduced into Western Europe by the Crusaders. Arabs had derived it from Persia and were using it as far back as the sixth century. It was then a small pear-shaped instrument with four sets of strings made of twisted silk. Later the silken strings were exchanged for catgut and eventually towards the end of the 17th century silver spun brass strings supplanted the gut ones.

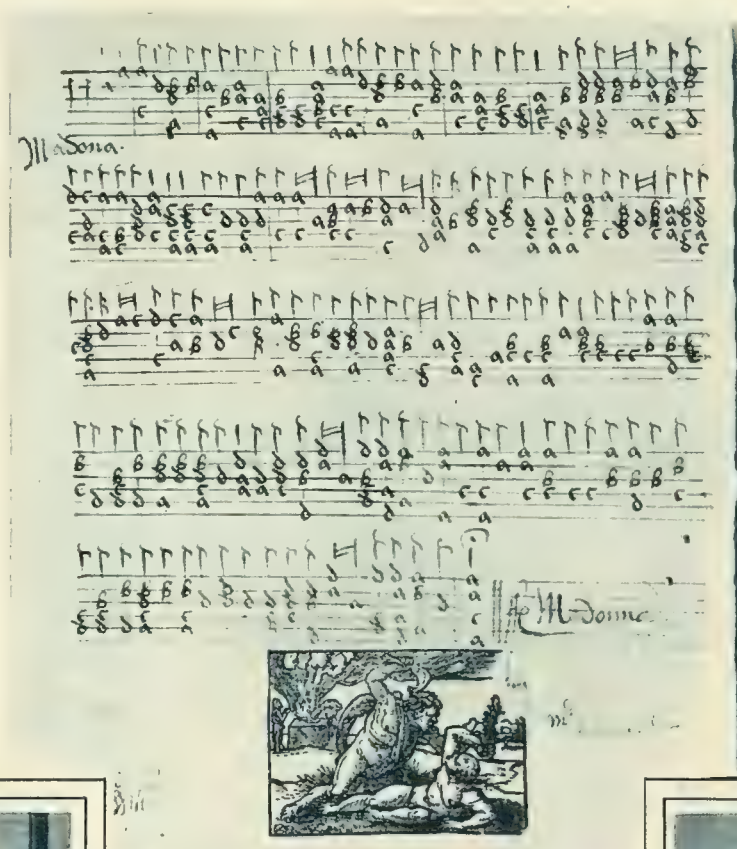
The Troubadours were probably the first people in Western Europe to adopt wholeheartedly this new and charming instrument; its tender notes made a fitting background to their songs of chivalric love.

Unfortunately none of these early instruments remain, though later fantastic prices were paid for old lutes and they were guarded and tended with the utmost care; according to Thomas Mace, pitiful old battered and cracked things made by Laux Maler would fetch a hundred pounds each. Charles I bought one for that sum from the famous lutanist, Gaultier.

One of these instruments made by Laux Maler, probably between 1500-1520 is now in the Victoria and Albert Museum, but it has been "modernised" at a later date and a head similar to that of a guitar has been substituted for the original.

During the sixteenth century the lute was to be heard everywhere—it was becoming a necessary drawing-room accomplishment and with its more general use its strings began to increase in number. Sometime during Elizabeth's reign the four pairs of strings became 6—at the end of the century there were 7 pairs—this number was slowly added to until there were eventually some 30 strings in all—but signs of its waning popularity were lamented by Thomas Mace as early as 1676. At about this time John Evelyn records that Dr. Walgrave, physician to the Duke of York, was a talented performer. "He performs beyond imagination and is doubtless one of the greatest masters in Europe on that charming instrument."

It is difficult in this age of exaggerated sonorousness to imagine the tender charm that obviously attracted and inspired not only musicians but artists and poets to record in glowing columns some lasting tribute to its elusive qualities. A little poem written to commemorate the visit of Anne of Denmark to Edinburgh in 1590 includes the simple lines:



A specimen of 16th-century lute music, from the British Museum collection.

A 15th-century lute player with lute case laying beside him as he twangs the strings.

A pencil drawing of a lute player, attributed to Jean Baptiste Vanloo. (British Museum collection.)

THE LUTE PLAYER - by JUDITH LEYSTER

The painter was, it is generally presumed, the pupil of Franz Hals, the famous Dutch painter of Haarlem. Of all the lute pictures in the Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam, this is the most instantly arresting for its sheer bravura of technique and composition.

De Troy records a lutanist of a later period. Note the bob wig and the embroidered coat. The picture is in the Louvre, Paris.

Terbruggen slashed in this brilliant impression of a lute player with composition and colour alike distinguished. From a Paris collection.

LUTE MUSIC BY THE CANAL.

Hendrick Sorgh, Dutch painter, of Rotterdam, was also attracted by the lute. The picture is one of the Rijks Museum Collection Amsterdam

"Sum on Lutys did play and sing.
Of instruments the only king."

And there are dozens of other poetic tributes of a more complex nature to be found in 16th century works—and earlier.

From the artist's point of view the lute offered a subject which interested practically every painter of the 16th and 17th century.

* * *

First the painters of biblical scenes arranged their angels with lutes. Giovanni Bellini, Bartolomeo Montagna and Hans Memling have all made the lute take the place of the harp. A list of later artists who fell equally under the spell of the lute include Franz Hals, Michiel Sweerts, François de Troy, Theodor Rombouts, Gerard de Honthorst, Gonzales Conques, Domenichino Van Dyck, Theodor van Thulden, Tinteretto, Judith Leyster, Jan Steen, Kneller, Watteau and even Zoffany as late as 1755 includes a lute player in his famous "Water Party.'

* * *

Amongst these pictures we can find every mood recorded—gay, light-hearted, interested, dreamy, romantic, bombastic and evidently accomplished players have all found their way to immortality on the canvases of the great masters. The magnificent painting of "The Lute Player," by Caravaggio in 1600 must have stirred competition in those that came after him Here we can see all the tender beauty and romance of the late Caravaggio at once establishing its sincerity and realism with an almost unearthly quality in this wonderful painting. Dreams of chivalry and romance shrouded in the mists of music surround and enhance the lovely model. Exquisite painting of details add to the picture's fine quality without detracting from its amazing spirit of fragility.

* * *

Lute music is almost as difficult to trace as the early lute itself. There are no records earlier than the beginning of the 16th century.

Its peculiarity lies in the fact that the lutanist had not our musical notation, but had to read his music from a complicated set of numerals spaced on the lines of the treble clef—the value of the note being indicated above—this system was called tableture and remained in vogue for a great many years. The oldest known book existing in this country dealing with the subject is the Lauttenbuch of Wolf Heckel (Strassburgh, 1562) now preserved at the Royal College of Music and another of a little later date called "The Science of luting licensed to John Alldan in 1565, a brief and easy instruction to learn the tableture to conduct and dispose the hand into the lute," by Adrian Le Roy.

* * *

The earliest known instrumental compositions are English and are to be found in a MS. from the Arundel Collection (appendix to Royal MSS. 58). These are three in number and are for virginals—but a number of short dance tunes and a few arrangements in lute-tableture are to be found at the end of the MS., though in all probability their date is later than the original instrumental compositions which were written about 1510

(*Continued on page* 34

THE CONCERT PARTY — *by Antoine Watteau in the Wallace Collection*

THE CONCERT, SHOWING A GROUP OF PLAYERS — *by Gerald de Honthorst; in the possession of Sir George Leon*

THE MUSIC MASTER
by
JAN STEEN
In the National Gallery, Trafalgar Sq.

Here the lute is momentarily in the background of this picture, but so delightful is it that it is included in this section.

THE LUTE
a special se
THE SPHERE CHRIST

E IN ART
section of
STMAS NUMBER 1939

THE LADY WITH THE LUTE
by VERMEER
In the Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam.

This is a central detail of the beautiful painting by Jan Vermeer. This part is enforced by the removal of two wings from the composition.

THE LOVER'S LUTE

(*Continued from page* 30)

Another early collection of solo songs with lute accompaniment appear in Add. MS. 4900, also at the British Museum. This book contains about twenty tunes, written in the treble clef with the lute accompaniment in Latin tableture on the opposite page.

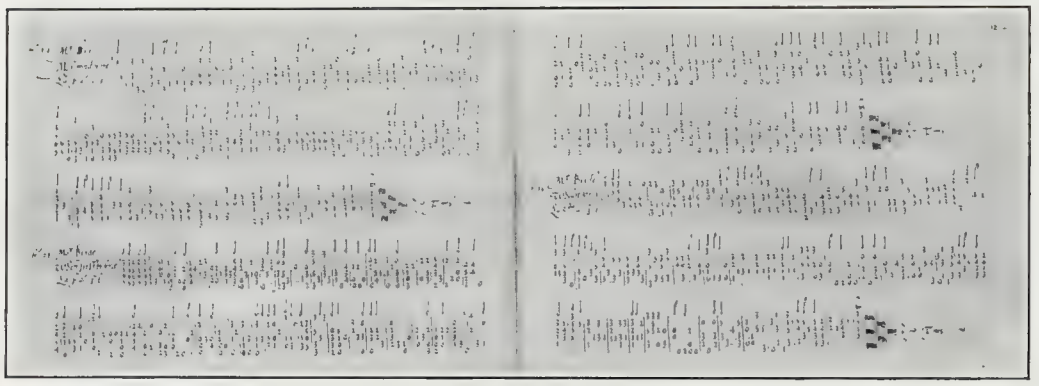
The majority of these books were made in an album shape and often decorated with stuck-on wood-cuts of letters or some quaint design. The end of a piece of music or tune was indicated by a little patch of checkered penwork, and the names of the composers usually appeared at the beginning of each tune. Fayfax and Taverner, two early composers for the lute, are well represented in these early books and there is a set of particular interest in the British Museum, written by Edwardus Paston and set down in Italian tableture.

* * *

The seventeenth century lute, with its more general use, and more complicated set of strings demanded a simpler and larger score for an easier legibility and the use of tableture was succeeded by the more modern form of notation.

Other early books on lute music include Thomas Dalli's MS. Lute Book, dated 1583, in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, and William Ballets MS. Lute Books, 1594, in the same Library.

An interesting specimen in the British Museum of early 17th century workmanship is that by Thomas Robinson, London, 1603—this particular book is written in the form of dialogue.



Books of music appear in many of the lute pictures. Here is one of the openings of a small album shaped volume taken from an example in the British Museum

* * *

A short poem on the lute written probably by the Duke of Northumberland's Secretary, T. Peeris, in 1504 runs:—

He that is a perfyte musicion
Perceyvith the lute tewnee
and the good proporcion
In my myddest of the body
the stryngis soundeth best
For stopped in the freytis
they abyde the pynnes
wrest.

There is an extract from Evelyn's diary — (May 21, 1645) dealing with the popularity and manufacture of lutes in Bologna at that time—I believe he mentions Laur Maler's famous instrument.

Both Pepys and John Evelyn were rich in their praises of this popular instrument. Pepys himself was quite an expert performer and mentions several times in his famous diary parties that he attended when the lute was played.

* * *

Shakespeare makes a number of references to the lute. There are two in the Falstaff plays. The fat-witted hero says:

"'sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat or a lugged bear," to which Prince Hal rejoins:

ANOTHER WATTEAU LUTE PICTURE—THE MUSIC LESSON

This small subject is also in the Wallace Collection. The figures on the left are full of Charm. The lutanist bears a strong resemblance to the figure in the larger picture in the same collection

"Or an old lion, or a lover's lute."

The precocious boy in *Henry V*, in summing up the characters of Nym, Bardolph and Pistol, says:

"They will steal anything and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence."

* * *

There are three references in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

"Iron may hold with her, but never lutes. Then thou canst not break her to the lute? Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me. As on a pillory, looking through the lute."

Queen Katherine, in *Henry VIII*, speaking to her attendant, says:

"Take thy lute, wench; my soul grows sad with trouble."

THE FORERUNNER OF ALL THE WONDERFUL PROCESSION OF LUTE PICTURES

Caravaggio's marvellous canvas, now in the Soviet gallery of the Hermitage, was painted in 1600 and preceded the Dutch, French, Spanish and later Italian pictures

OLD ENGLAND

IN TOWN

An old inn yard at Newark, famous for its ancient hostelries, one of which dates back to the time of King Edward III and another to that of Henry IV.

AND VILLAGE

Ivychurch, Romney, "The cathedral of the Marsh."
Drawings by Percy Home.

BROMPTON IN 1822

What looks like a market garden appears on the left, backed by a country house and poplars. On the right appears a sign bearing the words Bishops Place.

LONDON ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

as recorded by George Scharf

WHAT a pleasant place it was when George Scharf painted its cobbled streets and small-paned shop fronts; they were to be seen everywhere, and advertisements were carried by hand instead of being stuck on hoardings ! George Scharf left a vast collection of drawings at the British Museum, and among them we can find almost every facet of London life and architecture revealed in colourful flashes by a skilful and loving brush.

George Scharf was born at Mainburg, Bavaria, in 1788, and for many years he travelled on the Continent supporting himself by painting miniatures of the various officers in the Napoleonic Wars. Eventually settling in England in 1816, he was obviously fascinated by the colour of his surroundings, and set about composing an amazing collection of records in watercolours of all the important and interesting sights of his time.

Types particularly interested him, and street vendors and musicians, soldiers, sailors, women shopping and children playing all come blushingly to life in his tiny miniature-like paintings. Famous streets and buildings—including several of the old British Museum at Montague House — cabs and coaches, Covent Garden with its colourful wares displayed, brilliant shop fronts—and even the artist's own kitchen appear with a disarming and unexpected blending of familiarity and strangeness.

The kitchen particularly is a delightful picture with its shining brass and copper pots and pans, willow - patterned plates and dishes and the usual formidable row of gleaming dish-covers. Such necessary details as brooms and (*Continued on a later page*)

A KITCHEN IN FRANCES STREET *Drawn by Scharf in 1846*

A COLOURMAN'S SHOP IN ST. MARTINS LANE

Mr. Allen's shop, brightly painted in green, was recorded in the year 1829

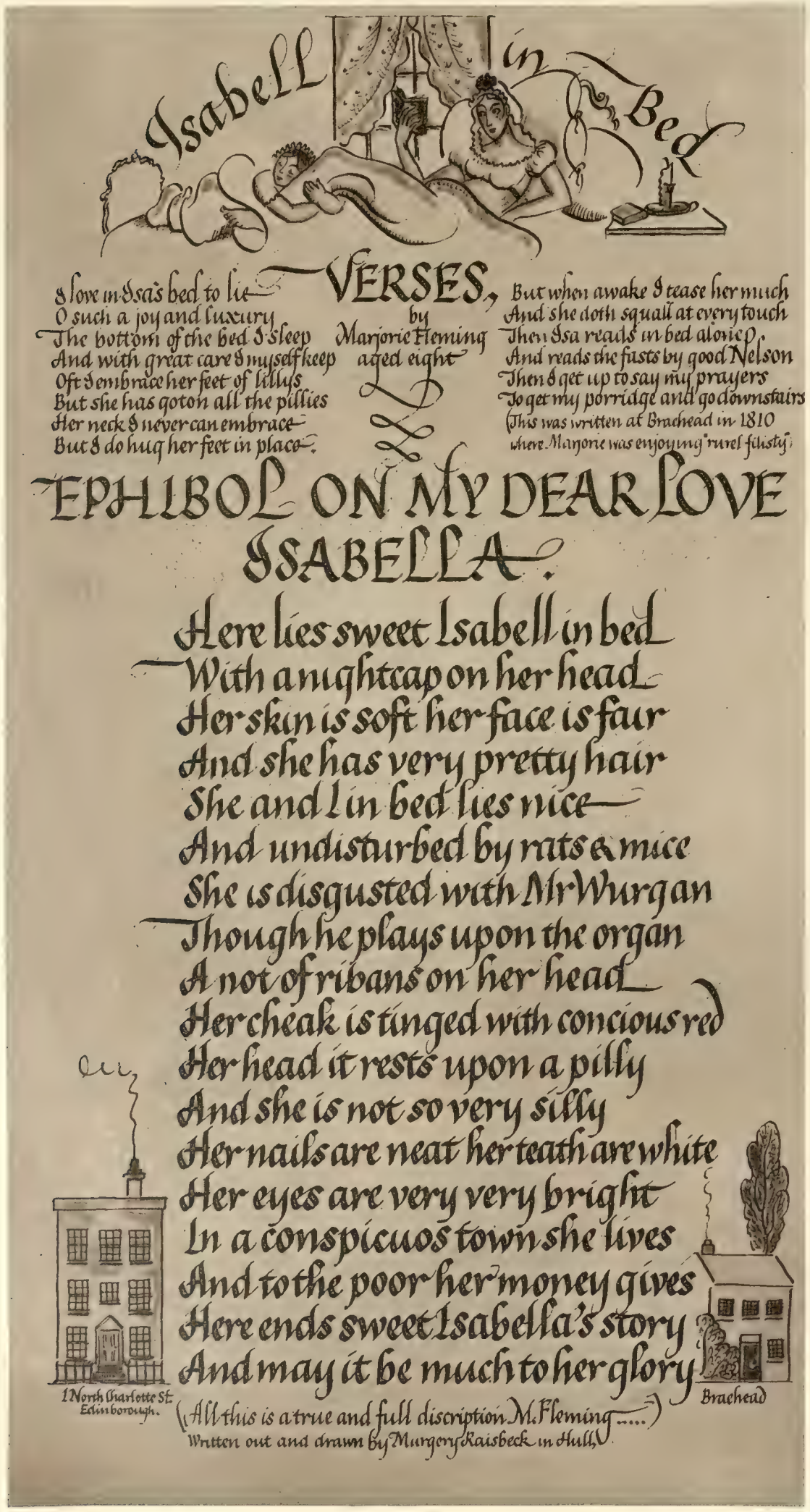
SNOW IN THE SOUTH :

A camera study of a first fall of snow near Reigate, by Harold Burdekin

THE ROAD TO THE CHURCH : a camera study by Douglas Went

All Saints, Brightlingsea, the tower of which is 90 feet high, stands on a hill and can be seen far over the surrounding river meadows of the Colne. It is in the belfry of this church that the Deputy of the Cinque Port Liberty of Brightlingsea Limb of Sandwich is chosen on the first Monday in December, by Freemen of Brightlingsea, by a show of hands

VERSES by the Wonder Child, Marjorie Fleming



The above verses were written by little Marjorie Fleming, the "Pet Marjorie" of Sir Walter Scott. She only lived for eight brief years, mainly in Edinburgh—from 1803 to 1811—but during that brief span of life she developed one of the most subtle brains ever possessed by a child. She seemed to have no difficulty in penetrating the thoughts and motives of her elders, and in setting down her thoughts and observations in the quaintest and most perspicacious fashion. Witness the pleasantry set out above. Before "Pet Marjorie" this brilliant and too tender human blossom, flittet awa', she became the close friend of Sir Walter Scott, who loved to take her on his knee and listen to her precocious prattle.

A TUDOR LOVE STORY

(*Continued from page 26*)

the looks and manner of the Court, she went to Mistress Saintlow, Mistress of the Privy Chamber (Bess of Hardwick), who was much upset, but refused to approach Elizabeth. In despair, Lady Katherine then sought the chamber of Lord Robert Dudley, and implored his help on her knees by his bedside; but to no purpose. Queen Elizabeth became aware of the situation and in furious anger ordered her to the Tower. Hertford was recalled from France, and he too was imprisoned in the Tower. The unfortunate pair were examined separately, and both made the same reply that the marriage ceremony had been performed.

In September, Katherine's son was born in the Tower and called Edward, the favourite name of the Seymours. A Commission was promptly ordered to "examine, inquire, and judge" the "infamous" proceeding of the unhappy lovers and their "pretended marriage"; and on 12th May, 1562, a verdict of "no marriage" was pronounced, a decision clearly satisfactory to the Queen. As the priest who performed the ceremony had disappeared and could not be traced, and the only other witness, Lady Jane Seymour, was now dead, this verdict is hardly surprising. But, according to Dugdale, the "validity of this marriage being afterwards tried at Common Law, the jury found it a good marriage." Lady Katherine was certainly addressed as the Countess of Hertford. She and her husband were kept imprisoned in the Tower, and ordered to be kept strictly apart. But there must have been kind hearts sympathetic to the unhappy pair, for in February 1563 a second son was born to them.

ON learning of this, Elizabeth's wrath broke out afresh; and she ordered Hertford to appear before the Star Chamber, where he was fined £15,000, although part of this was remitted. Soon afterwards, plague broke out in the neighbourhood of the Tower (Sir William Cecil wrote: "they die in London above 1,000 in a week."), and the pair were removed. Lord Hertford was sent to the custody of his mother at Hanworth, while Lady Katherine went to her uncle, Lord John Grey, at Pirgo.

There Lady Katherine might have been left in peace, but the question of her claim to the Throne came up again. It will be remembered that the Spaniards had made an attempt to carry her off. We find an account of this in the Minutes of Sir Thomas Chaloner's correspondence: "A plott discovered by one Hoggin, that . . . the Spaniards ment to have stolne my Ladie Katherin Graie, whom they ment to marie to the Prince of Spain, or some other of lesse degree, if lesse depended on her." Now there appeared a pamphlet by one John Hales, "tempestus Halesiana" as it was called, in which her claim is once more stated.

Even Cecil seems to come under suspicion as the following letter from him to Sir Thomas Smith shows:—"The Queen's Majesty contynueth her displeasure towards John Hales, for his foolish attempt in wryting the book so precisely agaynst the Queen of Scotland's title, who remayneth in the Tower, now in some danger by a palsaye. My Lord Keeper (Sir Nicholas Bacon, charged with being implicated in the affair of Hales) also is kept from the Court, and from intermedlyng with any other thing but with the Chancery. . . . My Lord John Grey died five days past, at Pyrgo, of whom his friends report that he dyed also of thought, but his gout was sufficient to have ended his life. . . .

Elizabeth's rage at this fresh offence, though the Lady Katherine certainly had had no hand in it, was unbounded. Once more the pair were consigned to the Tower, this time under another jailer, Sir Owen Hopton, the former Keeper, Sir Edward Warner, having clearly not been too vigilant in his duties. A curious letter from Warner gives a vivid description of the surroundings of the Lady Katherine when in custody.

Sir Edward Warner (Lieut. of the Tower) to Cecil.

"... Sir, my Lady Kateyrine is, as ye know,

(*Continued on page 48*)

WAITING FOR HIS CHRISTMAS DINNER:

A study in infinite patience

A STUDENT OF WORLD AFFAIRS:

"Ha, ha! Everything will turn out all right"

FLIGHT TO VARENNES

The part played by Count Fersen (whose ancestors were in all probability Macphersons) in the historic journey of Louis XVI

Described by
Douglas Macpherson

Drawn by D. Macpherson

Count Fersen (Scotticé Macpherson) mounted on a white horse, watches beside the huge Berline which was to convey the Royal family of France to safety.

COUNT JOHN AXEL de FERSEN stands out as one of the romantic characters in history, by reason of his selfless devotion to the French royal family. The name Fersen, a variant of spelling included within the great clan of Macpherson, suggests that the Swedish offshoot, like the Russian of similar spelling may have had their roots in the hills of Badenoch.

The question of his attachment to Queen Marie Antoinette has been the subject of many books, and while those following contemporary memoirs and scandal have assumed that Fersen was indeed Marie Antoinette's lover, the publication of further letters and the diaries of Fersen have, in the opinion of the latest chroniclers, proved this view incompatible with known facts.

ON January 10, 1774, de Fersen first saw Marie Antoinette. The occasion was a state ball. He was travelling through Europe to complete his education, and was presented at Court by the Swedish Ambassador.

Marie, struck with the good looks and charm of the young stranger, openly showed the impression made upon her. They were both of an age, just over nineteen.

Three weeks afterwards there came a second meeting much less formal—a masked ball at The Opera. Under the protection of a white domino, Marie conversed at length with Fersen before discovering to him her identity. There was one other meeting at Versailles before de Fersen left France to conclude the Grand Tour, then a necessary part in the education of all young men of rank. At the end of three years he returned to France, going at once to Versailles to present himself at Court.

MARIE Antoinette was no longer the Dauphiness but the Queen, and when he appeared she welcomed him gladly. Fersen soon became a member of Marie's set at the informal receptions at the "Little Trianon." Before long it was an "open secret" that Fersen was in love with the Queen, and the impression was general that the Queen was in love with Fersen.

In the "School for Scandal" which was the court of Marie Antoinette, malicious evil-speaking was the main preoccupation. It was filled with enemy agents and many hated her. When, therefore, it was announced that after eight years of married life, Marie was in an interesting condition for the first time, the report was spread universally that Fersen was the father of the child.

Such a report was most serious for the Queen and for de Fersen. For the second time he resolved to fly from Marie's enchanting presence.

The expedition to help the American War of Independence was in preparation. Young noblemen of France were joining; Fersen announced that he would go with the rest.

When, after three years' absence Fersen returned to Europe he found that Marie Antoinette, France and the Monarchy were rapidly drifting to disaster. It was then that he appears to have constituted himself champion of a dying Monarchy. Applying for the position of Colonel of the Royal Swedes, one of the foreign regiments in the service of France, he placed himself at the side of Marie Antoinette, "a brave loyal and tireless friend, but scarcely a prudent counsellor"—Fersen now watched the progress of the Revolution with the hatred of an inconvertible aristocrat, with the care of the Queen's safety as his chief and almost sole concern.

As the Revolution developed, days soon came when the people were ready to pass from foul insult to actual assault; and there the figure of Fersen appears ever by the Queen's side cheering, watching, always ready to defend her.

THEN came the two awful days of October 5-6, 1789, when all the violence, the hunger and despair overflowed to Versailles—the deputation of women who demanded to see the King; the intervew, friendly on both sides; the tumult breaking out afresh; threatening to enter, plunder and kill. The dreadful night and the ominous dawn; then the shot from a member of the King's Bodyguard, and the death soon after of one of the National Guards from Paris. Finally the overflow of the ferocious mob into the palace, "hungry for bread, thirsting for blood."

"Death to the Austrian Woman," was shouted from thousands of ferocious throats. To her chamber the deluge directed its course. La Fayette at last arrived and succeeded in stopping the wild rush on the rooms of the King and Queen, but the mob was still outside. "A swarming sea of human heads inundating both Courts," as Carlyle puts it, "billowing against all passages. Menadic women, infuriated men, mad with revenge and love of mischief, love of plunder." (*Continued on a later page*)

The last farewells of Louis and his family, assembled in the Temple, were poignant in the extreme. From a drawing recently acquired by the Victoria and Albert Museum.

THE FAMOUS GROUSE BRAND

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WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS

THE FUNNY SIDE

by CELIA DALE

Illustrated by W. BRYCE HAMILTON

"After all," she said, "look at it from my side. I've got to live," and swiftly the retort had come to him: "Why?"

AS had been his custom for the thirty odd years he had been in business, Mr. Frederick Peebles bought an evening newspaper at Waterloo.

And after successfully battling for a seat he settled down with more than usual satisfaction to digest the day's happenings; for not only was it a dank and nasty November night, not only was he nobly weary after his day's work, not only was there a full report of Manchester City *v.* Yorkshire Wanderers, but there was also a double column account on page one of the latest, and as yet unsolved, murder. And Mr. Peebles, mild-mannered, shining-pated little ledger clerk of St. Mary Axe, loved a good murder.

Wedged cosily against his neighbour in the swaying, smoky-lit carriage Mr. Peebles began to read:

"New developments in the Burton Park Estate murder are expected, which, it is hoped, will lead to the identification of the woman whose savagely battered body was discovered on a lonely piece of waste ground on the Burton Park Estate on Wednesday. So far all efforts to establish the victim's identity have failed."

Mr. Peebles laid down the paper for a moment to light his pipe. His neighbour glanced at him, and remarked chattily: "Shocking thing, this murder."

"Shocking!" said Mr. Peebles, nodding his head.

"'Pon my soul, you can't call your life your own these days," continued his neighbour.

"That's right," said Mr. Peebles. "And the police seem absolutely 'elpless."

It was the neighbour's turn to nod his head. "That's right. Don't know what they're coming to these days. Shocking, that's what it is."

"That's right," said Mr. Peebles; and after a short ruminative pause both gentlemen resumed their reading.

At first sight the murder seemed simple enough. A middle-aged woman dead in the bushes, the weapon—an iron bar from a nearby building plot—lying beside her, a quantity of footprints. . . . Nothing very perplexing here. Yet no one knew the woman. Dozens of people, fearful yet thrilled, had failed to identify her. No one had heard or seen anything unusual that night in Burton Park, and besides, it had been foggy.

"It is hoped that once the identity of the victim is established the police will be able to pursue their enquiries with greater facility. At the moment they are hampered by lack of any clue to the victim's life or associates which might suggest a motive for the murder."

Murder. . . .

Mr. Peebles looked out at the flying lights of the suburban High Streets.

Yes, he had always been interested in murder. And particularly so in this one, as he happened to have committed it himself.

HE rubbed a clear patch in the moisture on the window and peered out. Another two stations to go yet. He folded the paper neatly and laid it on his knees.

It had been ridiculously simple, really. After the first shock of opening the door and finding Maisie outside he'd been very level-headed about the whole business. Ah well, he was always telling little Fred that the secret of success was a calm head. "Never get flustered, my boy. Never lose your 'ead. That's the way to get on in this life." Quite right, too.

Of course, luck had been on his side. First of all Dora and Freddie being out, and then the fog, and then that iron bar lying handy. . . .

He'd been sitting quietly at home last Wednesday evening, listening to the wireless. Dora had taken Freddie to the doctor's to have a whitlow lanced, poor little chap. Brave, he'd been, too. And then there'd been a knock at the door and when he opened it, there was Maisie.

He knew her at once, although it was fourteen years or more since he saw her last.

"Hullo," she said, quite cheerfully.

He stood in his carpet slippers and shirtsleeves, holding the door, gaping at her.

"Well, I won't wait to be asked in," she said, and walked past him into the hall.

"You can't come in here," he said, and caught her arm.

"Rubbish, dear," she answered. "This is my house and you're my husband."

It was quite true. She'd gone off one day fourteen years ago and never come back—just left a note: "Dear Fred, I've had enough. You needn't ask me to come back because my mind's made up. Please send my things to Charing Cross station where perhaps I will pick them up. The money for the laundry is on the kitchen mantelpiece. Love, Maisie."

That was the last he'd heard of her. For two years he had lived as a bachelor, and quite enjoyed it too, at first. It made a change, after Maisie. Then he met Dora. For a long time he hesitated, then finally his loneliness and his longing for her became too intense to be borne. He married her, banking on Maisie never turning up again.

He'd been a fool to marry Dora, he saw that now. But it was one chance in a hundred Maisie finding him after all this time. And now here she was, in his kitchen, and Dora only gone out for half an hour.

"You've got to clear out," he said.

"Where to?"

"Where you came from."

She laughed. She had grown stout and placid. "My wandering days are over," she said. "I've come home, Fred."

"But you can't. I've married again."

She stared at him for a moment in consternation. "Well, you *are* a juggins. That's bigamy, Fred."

"I know it," he answered irritably. Just like Maisie to make out him a fool before she'd been back five minutes. He put on his coat.

"Look, we can't talk here. Dora and the boy'll be back any minute. We've got to talk this over, I see that. I'll treat you fair. Only we can't stay here."

She had seen his point of view, and although it was a nasty night she agreed to go out and talk it over.

And as they walked along the foggy, half-built roads towards the outskirts of the Estate, she told him again that she'd come home. She was quite firm about it. She was getting on in years, she said, and perhaps she ought never to have left him. It was a pity about Dora and (*Continued on page 44*)

Carreras Ltd. 150 years' reputation for quality

THE FUNNY SIDE

(*Continued from page 42*)

the boy—but after all, she had first call on him, and besides, she hadn't any money.

"Let bygones be bygones, Fred," she said, and laid her hand on his arm quite affectionately. He couldn't make her see that he didn't want her back, that he was happy with Dora and little Fred. She just went on talking fondly at him, ignoring everything but her own purpose. "And after all," she said, "look at it from my side. I've got to live."

And swiftly the retort had come to him: Why?

THE train drew into the station, and Mr. Peebles got up.

"Well, good night," he said to his neighbour.

"Good night. Hope they'll have caught him by to-morrow," the man replied.

"That's right," said Mr. Peebles, and got out.

IT was two days before the papers reported that Maisie had been identified, and then only by a boarding-house keeper with whom she'd lodged for one night. She had told the woman that she'd just arrived in England from New Zealand, which was true; but for some romantic reason of her own she had called herself Mrs. Fletcher. There were no photographs of her for the newspapers to publish, and anyway she wouldn't have many friends left in England now to recognise her. As far as the public was concerned she was just a middle-aged woman whom nobody knew or missed.

Sad, really, thought Mr. Peebles.

He read the newspapers every day with great interest. It never occurred to him that he might be caught. He'd had a few nasty moments the first day or so when the papers kept on saying "an arrest is imminent"; but he knew now that was just to save their faces. They didn't know a thing, really.

And in spite of a very natural bias in his own favour, he couldn't help thinking that it was a scandalous thing. The police *ought* to be able to find out who did it. They *ought* to be able to find out who Maisie really was. Once they did that, they could begin looking for a motive. Of course, Mr. Peebles appreciated that bigamy was a very pretty motive, pointing straight to himself. But even so, putting aside the personal aspect of it, they really ought to be able to do better than they had.

"It's the system," he declared over the supper table to Dora, "The system's all wrong. They don't go about it the right way."

"It must be ever so difficult," said Dora.

"Of course it's difficult. Murderers are men with brains, my dear. They don't want to be caught any more than I do. But it's the police's job to be smarter than they are, see? That's what we pay them for."

And day by day Mr. Peebles began to feel not only contempt but indignation at the efforts of the police. From what he read in the newspapers they let real clues slip through their fingers, they rushed off after things which had no connection with Maisie at all. Mr. Peebles fairly danced with impatience sometimes when he read such statements as: "The police are anxious to interview a man who is known to have travelled from South Burton to Tooting on the night of the murder." Good heavens, he had been nowhere near Tooting then or since!

Or: "Evidence regarding sounds of a quarrel heard on November 20 near the south side of the Estate is regarded as of importance by the police." There had been no quarrel. Maisie never knew a thing.

The days grew into weeks. Mr. Peebles' contempt grew into open derision. Obsessed, he talked on the subject with (*Continued on page 46*)

Instantaneously the din of arms, the military thunder ceased; a dead, a solemn silence prevailed; and the worthy fellow consigned the corpse to its parent earth.

A BRAVE BRITISH SEAMAN

The Story of Daniel Bryan's courageous act during the siege of Acre

The following narrative is taken from an old volume with aquatint illustrations; it gives a vignette of the jolly tar of the period when Napoleon was endeavouring to clear the way for an advance upon India, a vaunting plan which was frustrated by the defeat of the French at this once-famous port

DANIEL BRYAN was an old seaman, and captain of the foretop, who had been turned over from the Blanch into Sir Sidney's ship *Le Tigre*. During the siege of Acre, this hardy veteran made repeated applications to be employed on shore; but, being an elderly man, and rather deaf, his request was not acceded to. At the first storming of the breach by the French, among the multitude of slain, fell one of the generals of that nation. The Turks, in triumph, struck off the head of this unfortunate officer; and after inhumanly mangling the body with their sabres, left it naked, a prey to the dogs. Precluded from the rites of sepulture, it in a few days became putrescent. Thus exposed, when any of the sailors who had been on shore returned to their ship enquiries were constantly made respecting the state of the deceased General. Dan frequently asked his messmates why they had not buried him; but the only reply that he received was, *go and do it yourself*. Dan swore he would; In the morning, having at length obtained leave to go and see the town, he dressed himself, as though for an excursion of pleasure, and went ashore with the surgeon in the jolly boat. About an hour or two after, while the surgeon was dressing the wounded Turks in the hospital, in came honest Dan, who, in his rough good-natured manner exclaimed, "I've been burying the General, Sir, and now I'm come to 'see the sick.'" Not particularly attending to the tars' salute, but fearful of his catching the plague, the surgeon immediately ordered him out. Returning on board the coxswain enquired of the surgeon if he had seen old Dan. "Yes, he has been burying the French General." It was then that Dan's words in the hospital first recurred. The boat's crew who witnessed the generous action, an action truly worthy of a British sailor, in whose character are ever blended the noblest and the milder virtues, thus related its circumstances:—the old man procured a pickaxe, a shovel, and a rope, and insisted on being let down, out of a port hole, close to the breach. Some of his more juvenile companions offered to attend him: "No," he replied, "you are too young to be shot yet." Persisting in his adventure, in the midst of the firing, Dan was slung, and lowered down with his implements on his shoulder. His first difficulty was to drive away the dogs. The French now levelled their pieces; they were on the instant of firing at the hero! but an officer, perceiving the friendly intentions of the sailor, was seen to throw himself across the ranks. Instantaneously the din of arms, the military thunder ceased; a dead, a solemn silence prevailed; and the worthy fellow consigned the corpse to its parent earth. He covered it with mould and stones.—But Dan's task was not yet completed. The grave was formed, but no inscription recorded the fate or character of its possessor. Dan, with the peculiar air of a British sailor, took a piece of chalk from his pocket and attempted to write, "*Here you lie old* CROP!"

He was then, with his pickaxe and shovel, hoisted into the town, and the hostile firing immediately recommenced.

A FISHERMAN OF 1834.

From the watercolour drawing by William Derby in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

The Gift of being well-groomed

BRYLCREEM

THE PERFECT HAIR DRESSING

TONIGHT they're dining at the Mayfair; then on to a theatre and dancing till the early hours. Tomorrow they're full up too—not an evening before Friday week. You see them everywhere, the man-about-town and his constant companion—Brylcreem. However long the night, Brylcreem keeps his hair immaculate. Christmas is a busy time for them both, and he can always do with an extra jar. The big bottle with the pump attachment makes an ideal gift.

In bottles and tubes 1/-

Larger bottles 1/6 1/9 2/6

Pumps to fit bottles . . . 2/-

At all Chemists and Hairdressers

County Perfumery Co. Ltd., North Circular Road, W. Twyford, N.W.10

THE FUNNY SIDE

(*Continued from page 44*)

eloquence and passion to anyone who would listen. So much passion that he had words with Mr. Glossop, the head clerk.

"The police are a very fine body of men," Mr. Glossop said majestically, "and I wouldn't put it upon myself to cast aspersions on their way of working. Have you considered the difficulties with which they have to contend? The thousands of clues, statements, misguided help, not to mention the abuse from persons like yourself, Mr. Peebles. If I were you, I think I should save my criticism for subjects you know something about," and he passed on, smirking.

Insufferable old ass, fumed Mr. Peebles over his ledger. Pompous old jackass! He and his police—thought he and they knew everything. Well, he was wrong, see? Mr. Peebles knew a thing or two. Old ass! Ticking him off in front of the juniors, too. He'd like to make old Glossop take back what he'd said—make him apologise, make him acknowledge he was wrong.

But although Mr. Peebles couldn't do that, he did get level with Mr. Glossop, for he followed him home an evening or so later, and hit him on the back of his fat head with a paper-weight tied up in a handkerchief.

IT was all over the papers next morning: CITY MAN FOUND DYING IN ROAD—WHITE HANDKERCHIEF CLUE. Mr. Glossop died without regaining consciousness, and the police had a second murder to solve.

"And can they do it? No!" cried Mr. Peebles in the "Walrus' Arms" that evening. "Why? Because the system's all wrong. A man's bashed on the head outside his house one evening, and the police can't even find out why. They've got a clue. They've got an 'anderkchief!"

"It's got no marks on it or anything," said someone. "It's just a plain white 'andkerchief like you or me might have."

"But it's something!" insisted Mr. Peebles, his bald head glistening with impatience. "Of course the man who did it is not a fool. But if he'd left his name and address on it they couldn't catch him."

He wrote to the papers. He said it was a scandal that the taxpayers who paid for protection couldn't get it. He wrote so often, they gave up acknowledging them.

And still day after day he read such things as: "The police attach importance to the statement of an errand boy who saw a suspicious-looking man waiting in a black saloon car near Willoughby Road on the night of the murder."

"Wild goose chase!" snorted Mr. Peebles. "Wasting our money. It's a disgrace!"

As for poor Maisie, they seemed to have given her up as a bad job.

IT was when a woman stated she had passed a man who seemed to be following Mr. Glossop (and she was quite right, Mr. Peebles remembered passing her) and the next day a complete stranger came forward, said he was the man, was identified by the woman, and very properly dismissed as having nothing to do with the crime, that Mr. Peebles began to see the funny side.

For there was, he saw, no end to the follies of his fellow men. There was always someone to swear they heard a scream or saw a man or were there at the time. And the beauty of it was that although Mr. Peebles knew these claims to be fantastic, the public believed them all, and each one was investigated with meticulous thoroughness.

Life suddenly became rich for Mr. Peebles. Maisie was gone, Mr. Glossop was gone, and the man who succeeded him was a very decent chap. He had Dora and little Fred and his job and, best of all, his huge and secret, splendid joke. All over England the police were wracking their brains to find him, Frederick Peebles of Burton Park. The Big Five spent all their time driving from one end of England to the other after supposed clues. Every newspaper was hungry for an arrest. And here he was all the time, doing his work, being good to Dora, educating his son, with the power to play such pranks on the police—and the public too, and the newspapers—as would keep them sleepless for years to come.

In a fit of mischief one day he even wrote a letter to Scotland Yard. "The Police are fools," it said. "Their system is wrong. Why don't they look nearer home and save the taxpayers' money; I could tell them a thing or two because I did them both." He didn't even bother to disguise his writing very much, although he posted it from the City to make it a little difficult.

Dora couldn't make him out these days, he was always chuckling to himself.

But when, weeks afterwards, he read the following statement he felt that humour could go no

(*Continued on a later page*)

THE BITER BIT

From the drawing by Frank R. Grey

Fathers' Christmas

It's child's-play, really, this business of choosing the right Christmas present for a man. Give him what you like yourself. Give him Johnnie Walker. Such a mellow whisky, so smooth, so finely flavoured, so perfectly blended. Yes, that's the special secret of Johnnie Walker — the *blending* does it!

Give

Johnnie Walker

for Christmas

delyvered; and the stuff that she had, I wysh it were sene, it was delyvered by the Quene's commandement, and she hath worn it now two yeres ful, most of it so torn and tattyred with her monkies and dogs, as wyl serve to smal purpose. Besydes, that she had one other chamber, furnished with stuf of myn, the which is all mard also."

•

It is apparent that Queen Elizabeth sent some very old garments and furnishings for the use of the unfortunate prisoner. Here is an earlier entry on the same lines:—"Stuffe delivered in August 1561, by the Queen's commandment and the Lord Chamberlain's warrants, by William Bentley, owt of the wardrobe in the Tower, to Sir Edward Warner, Knyght, then levetenant of the said Tower, for the necessary furniture of the Ladye Kateryn Graye's chamber.

"Furst, vl peces of hanging of tapestry to hang her chamber (Thes be of dyverse sorts, and very owlde and corse) item, wyndowe peces of lyke stuffe. Item, a sparrer for a bed of changeable sylke damaske (All to-broken not worth xd). Item, one sylke quylt of red striped eith gold (stark naught)."

The death of her uncle must have added a heavy burden to the sorrows of Katherine. He had from the first been untiring in sympathy and affection for his unhappy niece, and the many letters he wrote on her behalf to Sir William Cecil make pathetic reading; and give a very clear pick of the misery and distress of mind suffered by this gentle and loving woman.

•

From this time onwards, Lady Katherine seems to have settled down to a miserable existence in the Tower. The mother of Lord Hertford in 1566 made one more attempt to soften "Her Highness' displeasure," which, she writes, "is too long lasting;" she points out, "how unmeet it is this young couple should thus wax old in prison." But Elizabeth would not relent. The only concession she made was to permit Lady Katherine, on account of her increasingweakness and ill health, to be moved occasionally to Cockfield Hall at Yoxford in Suffolk, the country home of her jailer, Sir Owen Hopton. There she at length died, and there the entry in the parish Register of her burial on February 21, 1567 (that is, 1568), may still be seen by the curious.

A MS. in the British Museum gives a touching account of the "manner of her departing." After exclaiming with evident relief, "no more life for me in this world . . . here is nothing but care and misery," she begs once more for the Queen's forgiveness, and implores her "to be good unto my children . . . for in my life they have had few friends, and fewer shall they have when I am dead." Her wedding ring she sends to her husband, with the "ring of my assurance." She was beloved of everyone who knew her, and bore in meekness and gentleness the buffetings of fate, which brought her such misery and wretchedness in her thirty years as one hopes fall to the lot of but few. The only gleams of happiness and freedom must have been during the early months of her intimacy with Lord Hertford, before they embarked on that secret marriage which was to lead to such prolonged sorrow and separation.

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After her death, Hertford, having no direct claim to the throne, was pardoned and released. He filled many offices under the Crown, as Lord Lieutenant of Somerset and Wiltshire, as Ambassador at Brussels, and finally as Lord High Steward to Queen Anne. He died in 1621.

MARY HEADLAM.

A TUDOR LOVE STORY

(*Continued from page 38*)

FLOWERS
by Terence Loudon

Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1939

LILIES

From the painting by Lady Chalmers in the Exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists, 1939

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LONDON A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

(*Continued from page 36*)

brushes and the all-important warming-pan all have their allotted places, and whilst a cat dozes on a kitchen chair the cook poses against the dresser with an uncooked leg of lamb on a dish.

One of the brightest sketches is that of a colourman's shop with all its bottles and pots of paint, brushes and palettes, and contented customers coming out of the shop laden with purchases.

•

The leading charm of these pictures is that they show so vividly a world that was very much alive, populated by real people — each picture has its human touch; and there is nothing academical in Scarf's treatment of architecture although it is perfectly portrayed, his houses are so obviously homes, lived in and visited, his streets, shops and museums are filled with interested or busy people—fathers showing their offspring the wonders of scientific research, mothers pointing out the peculiarities of that amazing animal the giraffe (then housed at the British Museum)—dashing red-coated soldiers making afternoon calls, and a hundred other amusing and realistic everyday occurrences.

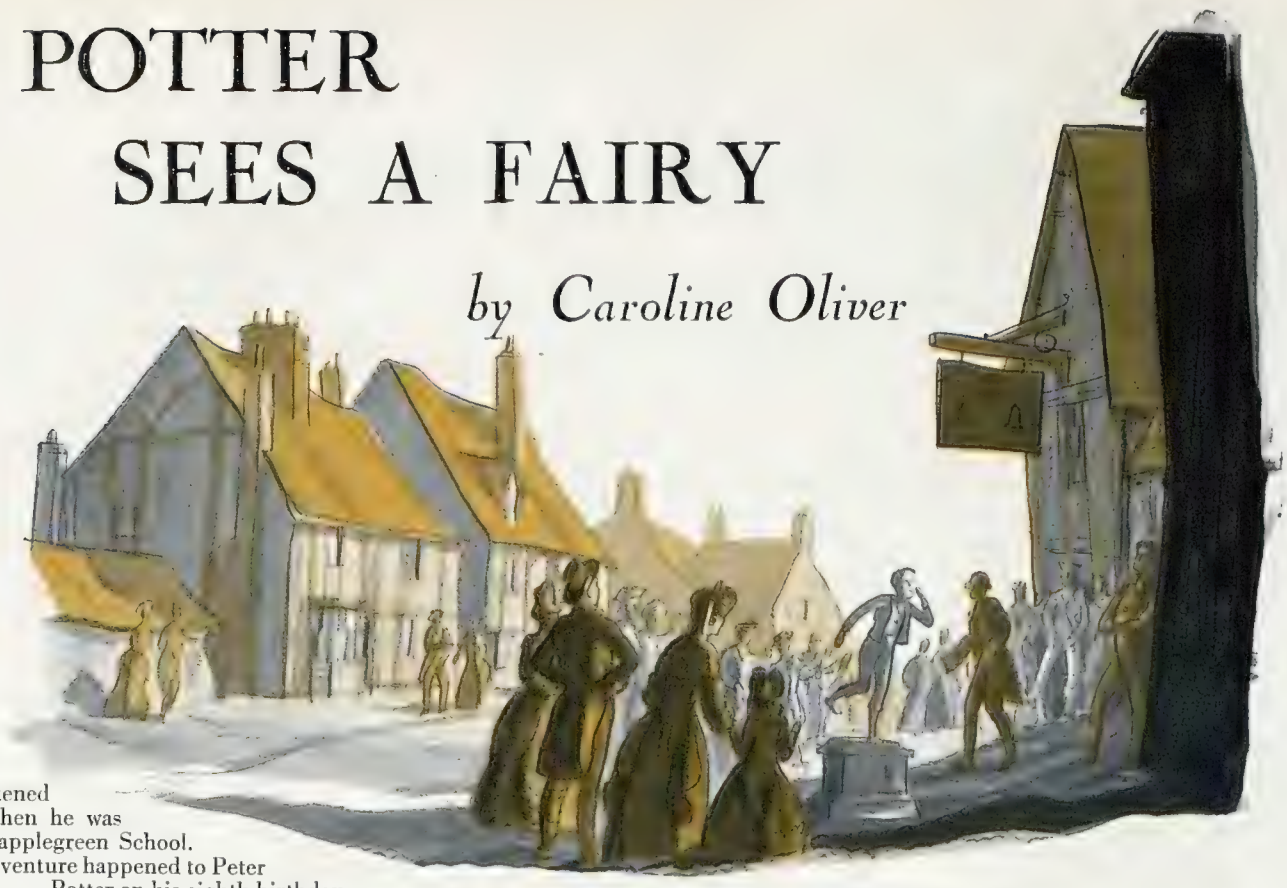
Enjoy Wills's Gold Flake

The Cigarette with Personality

PETER POTTER SEES A FAIRY

by Caroline Oliver

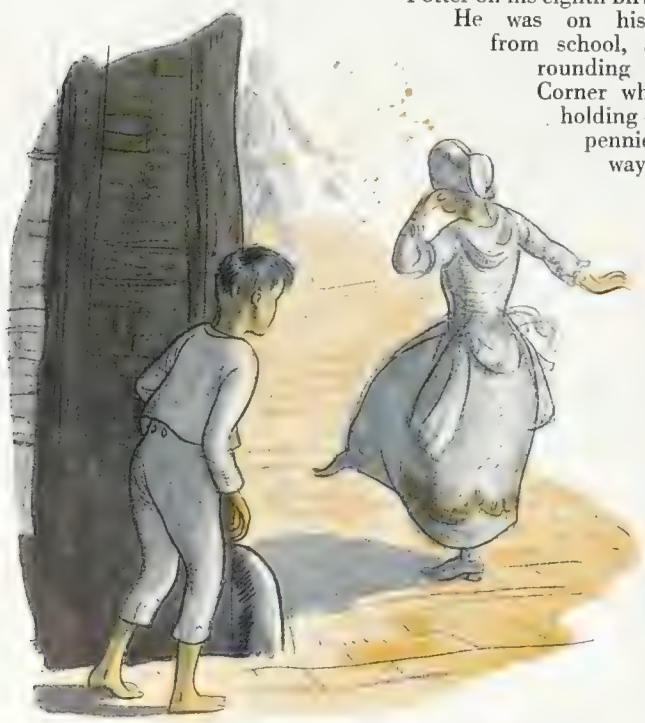
Illustrated by E. Boye Uden



People began coming from neighbouring villages to see the statue

PETER POTTER was born in the little village of Dapplegreen. When he was three months old he was christened in Dapplegreen Church, and when he was five years old he was sent to Dapplegreen School.

But the big adventure happened to Peter Potter on his eighth birthday. He was on his way home from school, and was just rounding Beggarman's Corner where Sam was holding out his hat for pennies — Sam always put a penny in the bottom of the hat to make sure everybody would understand what it was for. Peter Potter noticed an old woman ahead of him behaving in rather a strange way. She looked round quickly as if to make sure nobody would see, and then she pulled out her tongue—which as a rule is bad manners—scratched her left ear, and waggled her right foot, all at the same time. Immediately a shower of gleaming pennies fell into Sam's hat. Sam was so surprised that he let the hat drop and the coins rolled away in all directions, so Peter Potter helped him pick them up. When they had found them all, Peter Potter looked for the old lady, but she was nowhere to be seen.



Immediately a shower of gleaming pennies fell into Sam's hat

OF course Peter Potter guessed that the old lady was a kind fairy, and he wondered whether he would ever see her again. Fairies were very careful to change their disguise, so that you might easily be talking to one and never know it; and they never let you see them work a spell. The old woman had certainly not known Peter Potter was there.

He passed a little girl in the street, who was pulling the last sticky sweet out of a paper bag. Peter Potter had an idea. He pulled out his tongue and scratched his left ear and waggled his right foot, all at the same time. At once a variety of sweets came pouring into the paper bag till it was so full you couldn't take hold of the corners at the top to give it a twist.

From that day on, astonishing things began to happen in the little village of Dapplegreen.

Mrs. Simlington was hanging up the washing on Monday morning, and she was just thinking poor Mr. Simlington was down to his last pair of pyjamas, and she herself had only two pocket handkerchiefs left, when brand new pyjamas and handkerchiefs came flying on to the clothes' line till it sagged in the middle and looked as if it would snap any minute.

MISS BANNISTER was picking a few humble flowers in her garden and dropping them into her apron, when whole clusters of beautiful roses rained down into her lap, and she had to fetch out the empty jam and pickle jars because she hadn't enough vases for them all.

The parson of Dapplegreen, Mr. Moffet, looked at his congregation over the top of his spectacles, and thought that nearly everyone in Dapplegreen must be in bed with a cold, when suddenly the entire population of the village was gathered there before him, and they had to squash up tight in the pews like sardines in a tin.

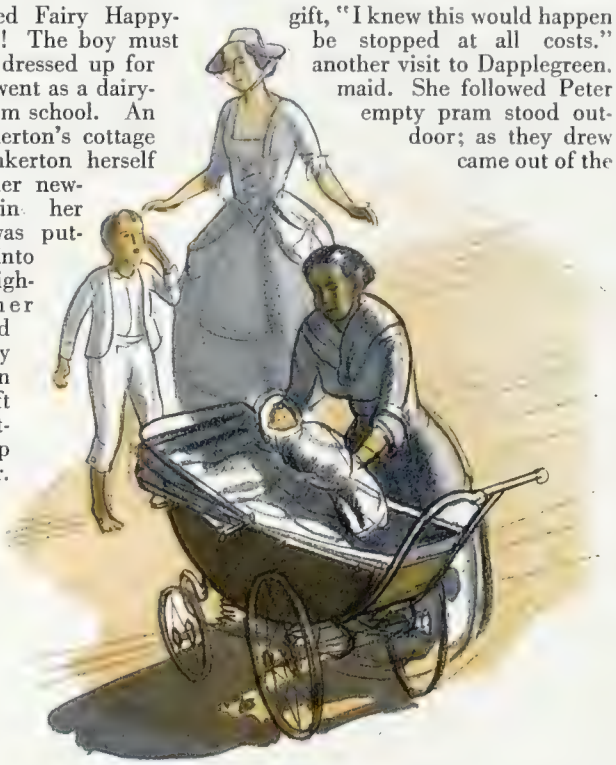
These and many more things were all the work of Peter Potter. His left ear was quite sore from being scratched so often, and he had to put boracic ointment on it at night.

NOW all was well so long as Peter Potter only used the spell to do good deeds; but the fairy who had sent the pennies into Sam's hat—nobody knows her name but we will call her Fairy Happygift—was very anxious. She had almost forgotten what it was like to feel anxious, and it was a very unpleasant feeling indeed. She was anxious because magic spells are dangerous in the hands of mortals—that is, people who are not fairies. They never can be trusted to use them properly, and she knew that if Peter Potter did any harm with the spell, the other fairies would come down on her like a ton of bricks for having given the secret away. "I didn't see any one about," she thought, "I had a good look round. Perhaps my eyesight is not as good as it used to be."

Well, after a bit, Peter Potter got tired of only doing good deeds. One day, when he saw a nervous lady waving her handkerchief to chase a wasp away, he pulled out his tongue, and scratched his left ear, and waggled his right foot, all at the same time, and immediately hundreds of wasps were buzzing round the poor lady, who stood screaming with fright, and her hair turned snow-white from shock.

"Alas!" cried Fairy Happygift, "I knew this would happen sooner or later! The boy must be stopped at all costs."

So the fairy dressed up for another visit to Dapplegreen. This time she went as a dairymaid. She followed Peter Potter back from school. An empty pram stood outside Mrs. Pinkerton's cottage door; as they drew near, Mrs. Pinkerton herself came out of the cottage with her newborn baby in her arms. She was putting the infant into the pram, and sighing "Another mouth to feed and no money saved!" when Fairy Happygift saw Peter Potters' hand go up to his left ear. Mrs. Pinkerton simply couldn't afford a lot of new babies, there wasn't a second to lose!



Fairy Happygift saw Peter Potter's hand go up to his left ear

IT was lucky the street was empty, for then and there for all to see, the dairymaid shut her eyes and turned a rapid cartwheel. This was the spell for turning people into statues for a whole year. If you turned two cartwheels it was for two years, and so on; but of course it was a risky business doing ten or so, because you had to keep your eyes shut all the time, and you never knew where you might end.

Peter Potter had already lifted his right foot to waggle it. The next instant he was turned to stone.

When the baby was well tucked in under (*Continued on a later page*)

BRITAIN'S MOST EXCLUSIVE LIGHT CAR! — THE SUNBEAM-TALBOT '10'

FLIGHT TO VARENNES

His Majesty himself has appeared with La Fayette on the balcony: Live the King, greets him from all throats, but also from some one throat, "The King to Paris!"

(*Continued from page 40*)

Her Majesty too, on demand, shows herself, though there is peril in it: she steps out on the balcony, with her boy and girl.

"No children," cry the voices. She gently pushes back her children and stands alone, her hands serenely crossed upon breast. La Fayette, with ready wit, takes that fair queenly hand, and kneeling, kisses it: thereupon the people do shout "Live the Queen," and still "Live the King," and also "the King to Paris." As a result of these terrible days the King and Queen are escorted to Paris, virtually as prisoners in charge of a saturnalian mob of 200,000, there to be lodged in the long-disused Tuileries. Whilst poor Marie was occupying a dismantled bed and rickety chair, Fersen took rooms in the Rue du Bac, to watch over her, plot, risk his neck repeatedly for her.

•

Six hundred "sectionnaires" now kept constant watch over the Palace. Bayonets bristled everywhere—even in the passages leading from the King and Queen's private rooms. But hope was not abandoned. It was arranged between Gen. Bouille and his master that the place of retreat should be Montmedy, a fortified town on the Champagne borders, where they would be near to Luxembourg and within reach of help from Austria.

There was in the basement of the Tuileries an apartment which opened on the Cour des Princes, and the Cour Royale. If an escape were possible it would be by one of them. The Queen put Fersen in charge of arrangements for the flight. He it was who ordered the construction of the berline, or heavy travelling coach, and saw to the financing of supplies. Three of the bodyguard were chosen as couriers. A passport that would do service for all the Royal family was absolutely necessary. By a lucky coincidence, Baroness Korff, a friend of Fersen, had just had a passport made out for herself, two children, a valet and two maids—Fersen had not much difficulty in persuading Madame de Korff to pretend that she had accidentally dropped this on the fire and to ask for another. Madame de Touzil, the children's governess, took the title of Baroness Korff, the Queen was to be the governess and take the title of Madame Pochet. It was arranged that Princess Elizabeth should be Rosalie, lady's companion, and the King under the name of Durand should play the part of a valet. Fersen was to be the coachman from Paris to Bondy.

•

Delays unavoidable and otherwise hindered the attempt. At last the fateful day of departure, June 20, arrived. The Queen, to allay suspicion, went for a drive on the boulevard with her sister and her son.

Towards half past ten, the King and Queen having supped as usual, retired as if going to bed. As soon as they imagined all asleep they went to Madame Royale's apartments.

"My brother," relates the Princess, "was dressed as a little girl. As he was half asleep he did not know what was going on. I asked him what he thought we were going to do. "We are going to act, because we are dressed up," he answered.

Louis XVI as Madame de Korff's valet, wore a grey suit and a wig, over the suit a green riding coat. Fersen awaited the fugitives, sitting as coachman on the seat of a hired carriage. They were to gather separately. Unfortunately neither the Queen nor her guide knew Paris. Flustered by meeting the carriage of La Fayette, and having to stand aside in the archway of the Carrousel to let it pass, they took the wrong direction, crossed the river and lost their way hopelessly, having to ask it of a sentinel on the bridge. They turned back, having lost much time when perhaps an hour, a minute gained, meant safety. At last all were in the carriage. The horses which were to bear them from the Revolution tore along under the whip. They were really gone! The travelling berline was awaiting them at St. Martin barrier. All got in and left the hired carriage, horsed and harnessed, in the street.

Fersen held the reins as far as Bondy, where he bade them adieu, arranging to meet them at Montmedy.

•

All Paris was up at daybreak on June 21 for the fatal news was spreading from mouth to mouth that the royal servants had found the King and Queen's apartments deserted. Troops were everywhere called out—an immense crowd went to the Tuileries and took possession of it.

THE WINDOW

from the painting by Richard Gunningham, exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1939.

The carriage bearing the royal family reached Chalons in safety and subsequently St. Menehould. The detachments of Bouille, weary of waiting, had already taken their departure. At St. Menehould, Louis was recognised by Drouet, son of the postmaster; but the carriage was then setting off. Drouet set off by a crossroad, and reached Varennes, the next place of halt, and within but two stages of Bouille's camp, before the fugitives. An officer of Bouille was appointed to have a relay of horses in waiting. There was no sign of guards or horses at the hour of eleven at night when the royal family entered the town. They were obliged to alight, question and parley with the postilions; whilst Drouet had aroused the municipal officer, and called together the national guards of the Canton.

•

As the carriage was slowly passing under an arch that crossed the road, Drouet, with Billaud, and some others, stopped it, demanding their passports. The gardes-du-corps on the box wished to resist. The King forbade them. "Here the presence of a man of resolution was wanted. Alas, it was not in the poor phlegmatic man," says Carlyle. "Had it been in him, French History had never come under the Varennes Archway to decide itself. He steps out: all step out. Procureur Sausse gives his grocer-arms to the Queen and Sister Elizabeth; Majesty taking the two children by the hand, and thus they walk, coolly back, over the Market Place, to Procureur Sausse's ; mount into his small upper story ; where straightway His Majesty "demands refreshments." Demands refreshments, as is written; gets bread and cheese with a bottle of Burgundy and remarks it is the best Burgundy he ever drank!

•

In the meanwhile Fersen was proceeding on his way to Montmedy. When he arrived at Arlon he met in the street the Marquis de Bouille, the commander of the troops which were to receive and protect the royal party. He did not require more to know that the expedition on which he had laboured for so many weeks, which he had started with such hope and success, had ended in black and complete disaster. Fersen did not stay to indulge in futile grief. It was planned that he should go to Brussels in case of failure, to be free to arouse Europe to arms in the defence of his royal friends.

•

The King, having been recognised, was not allowed to proceed, but had to return with the armed guard sent out from Paris—an "ignominious Royal Procession," says Carlyle, "through many streets, amid a silent, gazing people; with bound courier and a doom hanging over it.

"On Monday night Royalty went; on Saturday evening it returns: so much, within one short week has Royalty accomplished for itself. The Pickle-herring tragedy has vanished in the Tuileries Palace, towards "pain strong and hard."

•

From the papers that have been published it is evident that in the two years that followed from the flight to Varennes to the death of Marie Antoinette, Fersen was the chief secret agent between the Tuileries and the foreign courts. Many of her poignant letters to him exist. Despite his utmost exertions abroad he could accomplish nothing to avert the fate descending upon her.

Here is his final word after her execution: "I can think only of my loss. It is dreadful not to have any positive details. That she should have been alone in her last moments without consolation, without anyone to speak to, to hear her last wishes! That is horrifying! The monsters of hell! No; without vengeance my heart will never be content!"

•

On the nineteenth anniversary of the flight, June 20, Fersen suffered death at the hands of the mob in Stockholm. He was hated and feared by the new king. When the adopted heir died suddenly the cry was raised that he had been poisoned and that Fersen was at the bottom of the plot. He was attending the funeral as Grand Marshal in a six-horsed carriage. From this he was dragged, beaten, stoned and trampled on. His body was stripped and mutilated and carried about the town in fragments. Though the city was full of troops none intervened.

"The deed was done between twelve and two o'clock in broad day, in the city of Stockholm, under the regular government of a legitimate King."

A good 'opening' for all 'parties'

See the smiles as the parcels of Player's are opened . . . See how cheeriness prevails with Player's around . . . See that your Cigarettes are Player's; their fine flavour, distinctive fragrance and reliable quality make them the best 'opening' for all 'parties' everywhere.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

"Medium" IN CARD BOXES 25 FOR 1'5½ · 50 FOR 2'10 · 100 FOR 5'6
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"Mild" IN CARD BOXES 25 FOR 1'5½ · 50 FOR 2'10 · 100 FOR 5'6

All supplied Cork Tips or Plain

MEDIUM NAVY CUT TOBACCO
2 OZ. TIN 2'8
4 OZ. " 5'4

Player's

Navy Cut Cigarettes & Tobacco

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

CASTAWAY ON HIS OWN SHIP

(*Continued from page 23*)

pirates, who appeared to be apprehensive of being seen talking to him. At length they let him know the following material fact:—

"*You must know*, said they, *that we have an Article which we are sworn to, which is, not to force any married Man, against his Will, to serve us: Now we have been at a close Consultation whether we should oblige you to go with us, not as one of the Company, but as a forc'd Prisoner, in order to be our Pilot on the Coast of Brasile, where we are designed to Cruise, and hope to make our Voyage; and your Mate*, continued they, *has offer'd to Enter with us.*"

They further said that there was a strong difference of opinion between the two pirate captains, Low and Russell, as to whether this article should be observed. There followed frequent meetings in the captains' cabins and much heavy drinking while the future of Captain Roberts was being discussed. He put up as good a case as he could for himself but refused to cast in his lot with them. The narrative continues:—

"Captain Loe said, *Gentlemen, the Master, I must needs say, has spoke nothing but what is very reasonable, and I think he ought to have his Sloop. What do you say Gentlemen?* The greatest Part of them answer'd aloud, *Ay, Ay, by G—, let the poor Man have his Sloop again, and go in God's Name, and seek a Living in her for his Family. Ay*, said some of them, *and we ought to make something of a Gathering for the poor Man, since we have taken every Thing that he had on Board his Vessel.* This put an end to the Dispute; and every Body talked according to their Inclinations, the Punch, Wine, and Tobacco being moving Commodities all this Time: And every one who had an Opportunity of speaking to me, wish'd me much Joy with, and Success in, my newly obtain'd Sloop."

•

The pirates evidently enjoyed teasing the very correct Captain Roberts with awkward questions at their drinking bouts.

"So I took the Glass, which was one of your *Hollands* Glasses, made in the Form of a Beaker, without a Foot, holding about three Quarters of a Pint, and filling it to the Brim, said, *Gentlemen, here is the aforesaid Health. What Health is that?* said Russel. *Why*, says I, *the same Health you all have drank. The King of England's Health. Why*, says Russel, *who is King of England?* I answer'd, *In my Opinion, he that wears the Crown is certainly King while he keeps it. Well*, says he, *and pray who is that? Why*, says I, *King George at present wears it.* Hereupon he broke out in the most outrageous Fury, damning me, and calling me Rascally Son of a B——; and abusing his Majesty in such a virulent Manner, as is not fit to be repeated, asserting, with bitter Curses, that we had no King." Russell was so furious that he whipped out a pistol and would have shot Roberts dead if the weapon had not been snatched from his hand.

"About four a-Clock in the Afternoon Capt. Russel came on Board, as did also Francis Spriggs, who commanded the other Ship, and after a little while, says Russel to Capt. Loe, The Mate of the Sloop is willing to enter with us as a Volunteer.

"I was going to make him a Reply, but casting my Eye on Capt. Loe, he wink'd at me to be silent; and taking a Bumper, drank Success to their Proceedings. The Health went round, and Loe order'd the great Bowl to be fill'd with Punch, and Bottles of Wine to be set on the Table in the Cabbin, to which we all resorted, and spent the remaining Part of the Evening in Discourses on different Subjects: Only Frank Spriggs offer'd to perswade me to accept of what was first offer'd me, which Russel swore I should not now have, I having not once, but several Times already refus'd it. Capt. Loe not being then willing to have any more of that Kind of Discourse, broke it off by singing a Song. . . . .

"Russel invited me down into the Cabbin, as also all his Officers, and we drank and smoak'd till Supper was brought, and then he told me I was very welcome, and bid me eat and drink heartily; *For*, he said, *I had as tedious a Voyage to go through, as Elijah's forty Days Journey was to Mount Horeb, and, as far as he knew, without a Miracle, it must only be by the Strength of what I eat now; for I should have neither Eatables nor Drinkables with me in the Sloop.*

He said, *It was once in my Power to have been my own Friend; but my slighting their proffer'd Favours, and my own chusing what I now must certainly accept, had render'd me uncapable of any other Choice; and that therefore all Apologies were but in vain; and he thought he shew'd himself more my Friend than I could well expect, or than I had deserv'd at his Hands, having caused him to have a great deal of Difference with the Company, more than ever he had in his Life before, or ever should have again, he hoped.*"

•

At last, after some of the pirate crew had stripped Captain Robert's little vessel of everything in her except a little water and a few scraps of things they overlooked, he was rowed back to his vessel and found himself alone with two young boys. The first problem was to get the vessel dry.

"In this Manner we pump'd and talked, sometimes the one, and sometimes the other, and gain'd upon the Vessel apace, insomuch, that before Day-light we had suck'd her dry, and then we gave over. I forgot to mention, that Russel, when he gave me the old Musket, and the Cartridge of Powder, gave me also two half Pound Papers of Tabacco, and Potter finding a short broken Pipe in the Cabbin, I smoak'd a pipe, and lying too under my Foresail all Night, when Day appear'd I look'd all about me, but lost Sight of the Pirates, who, I suppose, made Sail in the Night, not caring I should know or see which Way they bent their Course, for fear of giving an Information of them; for they were prodigiously afraid of meeting with any of his Majesty's Ships, nor could they endure to hear any Talk of them: Though as secret as they thought they had kept the Design of their intended Voyage from me, yet I perfectly knew it to be to go directly for the Coast of Guinea, and to fetch as far to Windward as they could, and then to cruise along that Coast, and then stretch over on the Coast of Brasil, where they promis'd themselves Mountains of Treasure; from thence along the Coast of Guana, and so down among the Islands, and to be at the latter End of the Spring on the Coast of North America, namely, Carolina, Virginia, New-York, New-England, and so by the Summer, to be on the Coast of Newfoundland; Russel being the chief Scheme Projector in the Company."

"Having seen all my Store of Provisions, and what I had, under God, to trust to of that Kind, I proceeded next to examine what Condition my Sails were in; and, I cannot say, but I took it more barbarous of them, to take my Sails from me, than their turning me away without Water or Provisions; at least, I verily believe Russel thought I had not one Mouthful of any Sort of Eatable, nor one Drop of Water; they left me the same Jibb that was bent, and an old Fore-Sail, and an old Main-Sail that was much rent, torn, and rotten: I haled it upon Deck, and spread it, but was at a sad loss, how to contrive to mend it. I went down into the Cabin, to see whether they had left any Needles or Twine, and found in the Twine-Locker, half a Dozen Skeins of Twine, but not one Sail-Needle. Potter, in the mean Time, was hunting in the Mens Chests and Lockers in the Steerage, and found in one of them, six Needles, and about a Pound and a half of Twine, and two Pawms; at which, I was very glad, and we went to work to mend the Main-Sail, but not having Stuff enough on Board, I cut off the first Reef, and tabled down the Foot of it again, and sowed on the Bolt-Rope, and, with what I cut off, I mended it as far as it would go, and what more was wanting, we mended with some old Canvas, which lay in the Mate's Cabbin, underneath his Bed, which, by good luck, was neither taken away, nor hove over-board.

"We were three Days fixing and mending the Main-Sail, before we could fit it so as to bend it; during which Time, we had light Winds, Calms, with variable Airs of Wind, cloudy, and mostly overcast by Day, but clear and Starlight commonly by Night, but saw nothing like a Vessel all this Time, which was the chief and principal Thing we looked out for."

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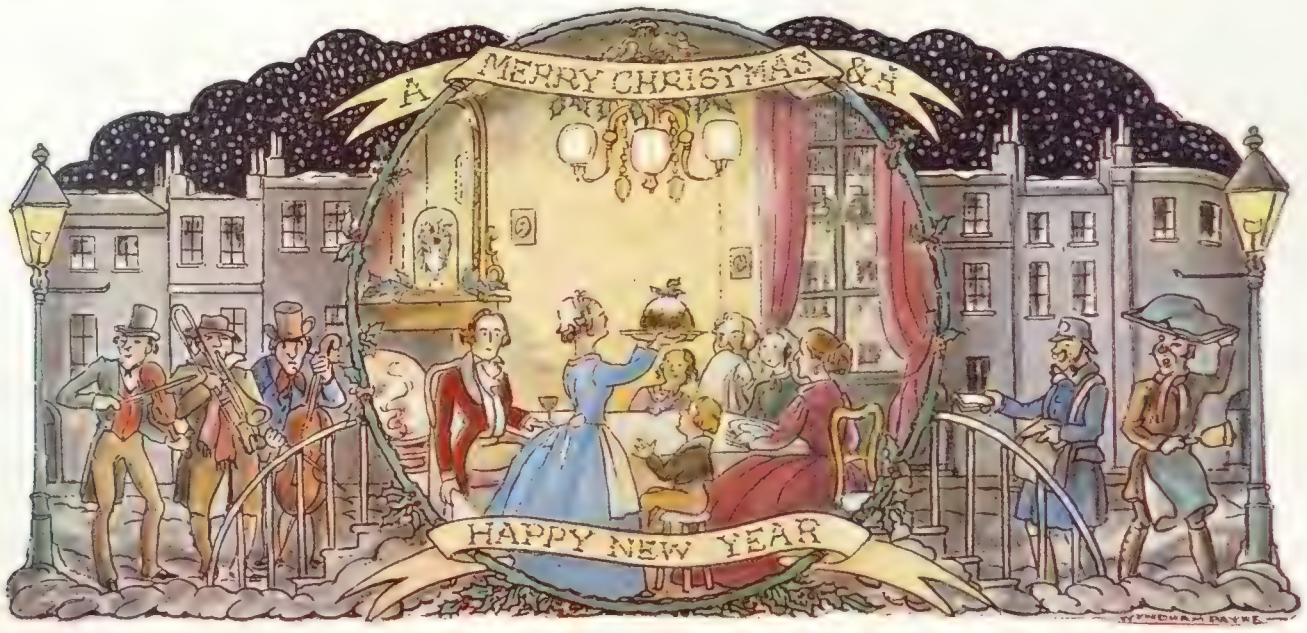
And so the narrative goes on for 20 days (from October 20, 1722) when he made the island of St. Nicholas. He was pestered by drunken natives, wrecked on the island of St. John and finally reached home.

Roberts' encounter with Francis Sprigg links this piratical narrative with others the SPHERE has given in previous Christmas numbers. The late R. W. Chambers, in his novel, "The Rogues' Moon," which was based on the history of piracy off the N. Carolina coast in 1720, says that on one or two matters he had allowed himself to speculate ; "for example, upon the fate of Mr. Francis Farrington Sprigg, whose terminal history remains a mystery." Roberts' encounter proves that the venomous Spriggs was living at least two years longer than Chambers had supposed.



Drawn by Percy Home

THE XMAS SPHERE PICTORIAL COMPETITION:

The Sphere again offers to its readers a pictorial competition, with the same prizes as before. The portions in the lower half of the page should be cut out and pasted on the upper half. If they are correctly placed, they reconstruct an actual scene in an English county. Portions can overlap where required. Results should be sent in by January 15, 1940 to the Competition Editor, The Sphere, at its war-time offices.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF SIR ARTHUR

(*Continued from page 16*)

at all, it shan't—unless, indeed, in a fit of somnambulism I rise up some night and lay violent hands upon it while he is in a sound, sweet sleep! All the little boys shall continue to laugh, and all the little girls shall continue to giggle, and all the old maids shall continue to admire; the darling shall still be so conspicuous, that in a crowd he shall be known by the length of his tail; and he shall have it curled, too; he shall have a curly tail tied up with blue ribbon? he *shall* look ancient."

"You'll want me next to wear a pair of moustaches!"

"No, indeed, I will not, dear; I will not, upon my honour! Do only get rid of that dirty little tail and I'll promise to ask nothing more. It looks so tasteless, so excessively Gothic."

"I do believe, said Sir Arthur, "that if you were to wish me to take off my *head*, I should do it."

"Nay, that, dear, I never should wish you to do, because a head is very necessary; but it is *not* necessary for a head to have a tail. But you will oblige me, darling? You will have it off, will you not?"

"Why, my love, I'll see about it; I don't like, you know, to be precipitate. I'll turn the thing over in my mind and give you an answer in the morning."

"I know what that answer will be," said Caroline, with a smile which seemed to fire his soul, "I see it in your eyes! You are a darling, you *are!* And if you make your appearance as I wish you to-morrow, I shall be so happy! You can't conceive how many kisses I'll give you!"

•

"NOW am I a fool, or am I not?" said Sir Arthur, in the strictest possible confidence to himself, when alone. "Am I or am I not a fool? Just let me consider. For what purpose did I marry? Was it or was it not with a view to permanent happiness? Did I not make up my mind to do all in my power to ensure that happiness? Of course! And how can I be happy if Caroline is not, seeing that her happiness constitutes mine? But then, is this yielding to her every wish indicative on my part of weakness or of strength? Does it evince a strong mind or a weak one? That's the point—*that's* the point. And really, I incline to the belief that that mind which prompts a man to soar above paltry considerations, and even to risk being sneered at by the world, with a view of securing domestic felicity, must be strong. I wish to make her happy; that is my object; and that object, if possible, shall be attained. This little alteration in my dress, it appears, will contribute to her happiness; am I not, therefore, bound to make that alteration? I flatter myself that I have as strong a mind as any man; I have hitherto had the courage to brave the world's sneering remarks, and that courage shall not desert me now. But, after all, what is required? Merely that I should make myself appear as young as possible, and that is precisely what I am anxious to do. What sacrifice do I make, then, by thus yielding. Do I not yield to my own personal advantage? The tail shall come off, and I'll have a wig! She is all the world to me—she *is* my world—every hope I have is centred in her. I therefore will have a wig: I *will* look juvenile; I will make the difference between us appear to be as trifling as possible. Some may think me a fool! let them! I know, I suppose, whether I'm a fool or not to study my own comforts! It is natural for her to wish me to look young; and am I not, therefore, bound to yield to that wish? I will yield, and by thus yielding, promote the great object in view."

•

HAVING arrived at this conclusion by virtue of taking into consideration *immediate* happiness only, he sent at once for a fashionable peruquier and as it singularly enough happened that that individual had a brown wig by him which fitted to a hair, the queue was removed and the whole thing arranged to the entire satisfaction of the talented *artiste*.

"Now," thought Sir Arthur, on being summoned to dinner by the servant, who scarcely knew him, "now then for a surprise. If this doesn't astonish her I don't know what will."

Lightly and gaily he accordingly proceeded to the room in which he knew she was waiting to be led down to dinner—for these little attentions, even when they were alone, were held to be indispensable—and was greeted the very moment he entered with a loud exclamation of amazement, mingled with delight.

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"WELL," said he, "what do you think of me now?"

"Oh! I never *saw* such an improvement—*never!* Why you really look twenty years younger!"

"I'm getting on, I think! I shall do by and bye! I shall be quite an exquisite shortly!"

This charming drawing by Rowlandson illustrates a volume published by Ackermann in 1815, entitled "Naples and the Campagna Felice." The narrative is conveyed in a series of letters written in 1802. The anonymous author was a man of some sentiment, whose journeyings would naturally lead to amorous adventures. He recounts one in which he calls on a fair lady. The heat of the afternoon has sent her to sleep; he follows suit.

"Gazing is tedious, too! I had already folded papers for more powders than a London apothecary would deem a sufficient recompense for a visit to one of his most distant patients, and no change had yet ensued in this truly innocent *tete-a-tete*. Fate, however, had decreed it should become more harmless still. The sameness of my occupation, the fatigue of my walk in the early part of the afternoon, the heat of the apartment, and, what I believe to be the principal cause, the overpowering effluvia of two or three Winchester bushels of rose-leaves, began to usurp a soporific sway over the lax nerves of your humble servant. To you I confess it, sleep involuntarily seized my frame.

"Now I reflect on the occurrence, I cannot forbear smiling at the ludicrous oddity of this novel *tete-a-tete*. I came to pay a first visit to this lady, and, lo! before we have exchanged an articulated syllable, both are doomed to perform a snoring duet. God knows how long the concert lasted! All I can tell is, that Donna Anna had finished before me. I was awakened by the dulcet sound of the following lines:

Se tanto a me piace
Si rara belta,
Io perdero la pace,
Quando si sveglera.

Nearly thus:

If, while entranced in balmy rest,
His charms can give such pain,
When he awakes, my wounded breast
Will ne'er know peace again."

"And did you give me all that trouble to prevail upon you to effect this improvement? Do you not yourself admit the improvement to be amazing?"

"Why, it certainly is *amazing*—at least it amazes *me*—for I don't know myself. When I look in the glass I am really inclined to turn round and ask myself pointedly, what business I have here."

"Well, you do look charming. I positively never beheld so great a change. You are a good soul—a dear, kind creature. I know that you did this to delight me. But how exactly it fits, dear—do turn round; how nicely it is parted behind, and what an elegant style. It looks so excessively natural, too! I am certain that no one will ever imagine that it is not your own hair. Oh, it is *so* becoming, and makes you appear so young. Do you not think so *yourself*, dear?"

"Why, I shall be able to tell you more about it when I know myself better. I have scarcely introduced myself to myself yet. When I have become a little reconciled to my appearance I shall be able to form, perhaps, a more correct judgment."

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FOR several days Caroline could scarcely keep her eyes off Sir Arthur, and while he was happy to see her delighted, she became, when in society, almost as proud of his appearance as he was of hers. Unhappily, however, this did not last long; for as they were exceedingly gay, and kept it up with infinite spirit, night after night, he caught such horrible colds that he was constantly coughing. This, of course, was excessively annoying to her, and more especially as it almost invariably happened that his most violent fits came on while they were at table. There would she sit on these occasions in agony, glancing round in order to ascertain in what manner it was noticed; and experienced the most acute pang when she fancied that the affliction was ascribed to his age.

"For heaven's sake, my dear," she at length exclaimed, "get rid of that horrible cough. If Charles cannot cure you, send for someone else; send for all the physicians in London rather than be pestered perpetually in this way. Really, it has become quite distressing to hear you."

"I must get rid of it, my love," he replied. "I really must; but you know what Charles says, you know he assures me that all the physicians in the world can do me no good, unless I make up my mind to keep quiet for a time."

"Then, for goodness sake, *do* keep quiet, for I really cannot bear to go out with you while you are thus; you make me feel dreadfully ill."

"These hours, as Charles says, these hours have done it; this practice, my love, of turning night into day has occasioned it all. I'm as strong now as ever I was in my life, but this cough, this nasty cough, shakes me. If I could only lay up for a week—not lay up exactly, but live regular as I used to live, and have my natural rest—I should be as well as ever."

"Then do lay up for a week; for it really is afflicting to see you in this state."

"Well then, my love, we had better let them all know at once that our party originally fixed for Thursday is postponed; had we not?"

"Postponed! Our grand party? Impossible! The party at which all the foreign ambassadors are to be present, postponed? What on earth, my dear, are you dreaming about?"

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"DID you not say that I had better lay up for a week?"

"Of course I did; but not until after we have had our party!"

"Well, my dear, then let it be after! I am not at all particular, you know. I'm anxious only to make things agreeable! But——" Here Sir Arthur was seized with a fit of coughing which at once put an end to the colloquy, for Caroline immediately quitted the room.

On the Thursday evening, therefore, they had their party, and an exceedingly brilliant affair it was. It was the only one of the kind they had ever had; that is to say, the only one on so magnificent a scale, a great portion of the guests being "foreigners of distinction"; but everything passed off with infinite *éclat;* and Sir Arthur, whom the excitement completely knocked up, went into training on the Friday.

(*From "The Sisters, or The Fatal Wedding"*)

Famous QUEENS by famous Masters

QUEEN ELIZABETH
By ZUCCHERO
(Hatfield House Collection)

HIGHLAND QUEEN

GRAND 10 LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

by Macdonald & Muir

Like other masterpieces "HIGHLAND QUEEN" demands genius for its making and time for its mellowing. Which is why this great whisky, particularly at Christmas, is bestowed as symbolic of rather special goodwill and appreciated as such.

For "HIGHLAND QUEEN" approaches its perfection unhurriedly; ten long years is given to its maturing. Thus the cheerful, leisured comfort of Christmas is a fitting time to sip and ponder each glorious golden drop.

Give and drink "HIGHLAND QUEEN" Scotch Whisky this Christmas.

MACDONALD & MUIR, Ltd., LEITH, EDINBURGH; *also* GLASGOW *and* LONDON.

"Who's been at my ENO's?"

There's not much difficulty in picking out Able Seaman CAN. He feels and *looks* on top of the world! And that's how *you* should be—in these times when fitness counts so much. Take an invigorating glass of Eno's every morning—and keep your blood clean, your nervous system steady, your head clear. And remember this—when at Christmas time you tend to eat and drink too much, there's nothing like Eno's for taking away that "Boxing Day" feeling! Eno's costs 1/6 and (double quantity) 2/6.

Take Eno's 'Fruit Salt' first thing every morning!

● The words 'Eno' and 'Fruit Salt' are registered trademarks

THE WAR AGAINST WHEELS

(*Continued from page 19*)

Greatly more, we are told, would be saved in health and happiness:

"What advantage (it is asked) to men's healths is it to be called out of their beds in these coaches an hour before day . . . to be hurried in them from place to place till one, two or three hour within the night; insomuch that sitting all day, in the summer time stifled with heat and choked with dust, or in the winter time starving and freezing with cold or choked with filthy fogs, they are often brought into their inns by torchlight when it is too late to get a supper, and next morning they are forced into the coach so early, they can get no breakfast? What advantage is there to men's health or business to ride all day with strangers, oftentimes sick, antient or diseased persons, to whose humours they are obliged to be subject, and many times are poisoned with their nasty scents and crippled by the crowd of boxes and bundles."

The effeminate traveller was just now reproached for seeking to escape the frost, the snow and the rain. He is now warned that coaches are often stuck fast in foul ways, that passengers may have to wade up to their knees in mire and sit shivering in the cold until a team of horses can be brought to drag out the coach. The miserable "fare" is sure to be insulted by the driver and taken to the worst inn. How the wretch must have envied the passing cavalier who was free to stop for a drink at every house on the road, to choose the inn which pleased him best, and to halt and start at a reasonable hour, sure of his supper and breakfast!

EDMUND B. D'AUVERGNE.

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THE FUNNY SIDE

(*Continued from page* 46)

further: "After intensive enquiries, during which time Scotland Yard's ace crime sleuths have investigated something like a thousand clues and voluntary statements, it is understood that the police know the identity of the murderers of both Mrs. Maisie Fletcher, whose body was found . . . and of Alfred Bradbury Glossop, who died from injuries. . . . They are waiting until their cases are complete before making arrests."

Mr. Peebles guffawed. "Here, Dora," he cried, "look at this."

Dora looked. "I don't see what's so funny," she said.

He slapped his knee hilariously. "They think they know who it is!" he cried. "But that's all bluff, my dear, bluff! They're no wiser than what you are. And never will be!"

"Do stop it, Fred," said Dora fretfully. "You act so queer these days, I don't know what's got into you," and she went back into the kitchen to finish the ironing.

The beauty of Mr. Peebles' joke grew and grew until he felt it would burst through his head and set the whole world laughing. And coming home one night just before Christmas he knew that he must—he simply *must*—play another trick, must experience again the exquisite humour of duping the world.

He could hardly wait to get out of the train. He pushed past the ticket collector like a madman, shaking with laughter. He ran in little stops and starts down the cold streets homewards. He would use his own poker this time. Or, better still, Dora's own iron. Then she would see—then she would appreciate the deliciousness of his jest. It was time he let her share it with him—and how she would laugh, how she would admire his beautiful hoax on everyone. Even though Dora would be dead, she would know, she would see the funny side of it and laugh and laugh with him. . . .

He shook so much with laughing that he could hardly fit his key into the lock.

He need not have troubled, for two plainclothesmen opened the front door to him.

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PETER POTTER SEES A FAIRY

(*Continued from page* 50)

the blankets and Mrs. Pinkerton looked up, she could not believe her eyes. There was a statue of Peter Potter right in front of her doorstep! It was very queer. His tongue was out, he was apparently going to scratch his ear, and he was standing on one leg.

The dairy-maid had vanished.

When the news spread in Dapplegreen that Peter Potter had disappeared, everyone understood that he had turned into his statue. So many extraordinary things had been happening of late! People began coming from neighbouring villages to see the statue, and as it became known, sightseers arrived from all over the country. The inn-keeper and shop-owners of Dapplegreen made a fortune because of all the visitors.

WHEN a year had passed, the spell came to an end, and so, shortly after his ninth birthday, Peter Potter's statue turned back into Peter Potter and he finished walking home from school. After that, even if his ear itched terribly, he never scratched it. He kept his tongue well inside his mouth and not even the doctor could make him pull it out. He never waggled his right foot even if a stone got inside his shoe. Spells could land one into a deal of trouble. He decided to play the games of ordinary boys, and leave magic to the fairies.

That, of course, was as it should be; because, if ordinary people worked spells, there would be nothing left for fairies to do.

We have been asked to state that Messrs. Matthew Gloag's advertisement which appears on page 41 was prepared in July of this year.

DISTINGUISHED

As the Tongue Par-Excellence!

McCALL'S PAYSANDU OX-TONGUES HAVE ENJOYED A DISTINGUISHED PLACE ON THE TABLES OF EPICURES AND "BONVIVANTS" THROUGHOUT FIVE REIGNS . . . .

From early Victorian days, Paysandu Ox-Tongue has been praised and appreciated for its exquisite tastiness and tenderness, just as it still is to-day. There never was, there never will be, a tongue more appetising and delicious than Paysandu. No cold collation is complete without it. There's a reason, of course, for the outstanding excellence of McCall's Paysandu Ox-Tongue—**it is guaranteed finest selected Ox-Tongue only.** All good grocers sell Paysandu—in small tins for breakfast and lunch and large tins for parties.

McCALL'S

PAYSANDU

Ox-Tongues

McCALL & CO. LTD., KING WILLIAM STREET HOUSE, ARTHUR STREET, E.C.4.

NORTH CAROLINA brings another story

IN the SPHERE Christmas number of 1937 there appeared an article on Edenton, the old colonial town on Albemarle Sound, North Carolina. The place has several links with American history. One was with Governor Eden and the pirates of 1720 and another was a famous tea party, which preceded any Boston effort in that direction. Ever since the publication of the article letters have reached the SPHERE concerning one or other of these historical links. The latest communication is from a Mr. J. G. Williams.

"The article is of great interest to our family because our home was in North Carolina and my niece's daughter, Miss Bettina Parker was chosen to unveil the tablet erected in the rotunda of the capital in Raleigh which commemorates the Edenton Tea Party. She was chosen because she is a lineal descendant of two of the ladies present at the party, one through her father's side and one through her mother's.

This early hulk was early this year revealed on the North Carolina shore at Dare County by a storm. It is fastened by wooden pegs and bronze spikes, but may not be quite so old as it looks. The keel of the vessel is 58 ft. long. The sweeping lines at first suggest antiquity, but at Newport News Mariners' Museum they do not think the craft is very old, certainly not as old as the people who are searching for any scrap of evidence concerning "The Lost Colony" may think.

"THIS tea party has been always overshadowed by the Boston tea party in our historical books, although we in North Carolina have complete colonial records authenticating the happening.

"The same is true of our Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, signed at Charlotte in North Carolina, a full year before the Philadelphia national one.

"And while touching upon colonial days, it might be allowable to remind you of the small town of Hillsborough (named after the great Earl of Hillsborough of that period) in Orange County. That town is just 12 miles away from where our last ambassador to London, Robert Worth Bingham, was born, and where his father, uncle, and grandfather carried on a School, at which Walter Hines Page and your informant were all taught our rudiments of English, and local self-government.

"WHEN Lord Cornwallis came back from Wilmington in North Carolina toward Yorktown, he found North Carolina reasonably quiet, and established headquarters at Hillsborough. He paved the streets surrounding the old courthouse with Belgian blocks and they are in service there to-day. Incidentally the clock in the courthouse steeple and the bell that tells the hour of the day were a gift of King George III. Visits from the Bingham School when I was a cadet there 58 years ago, and from the university at Chapel Hill, 55 years ago, familiarised my ears with the strokes of the old bell. In colonial days Hillsborough was a summer resort of our good people who enjoyed much wealth and later by those who possessed numbers of slaves."

• • •

Postal Rates for this Christmas Number of Sphere :—

Great Britain and Abroad	**3½d.**
Canada	**1½d.**

OUR ADVERTISERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS

With regard to certain of the advertisers' announcements contained in this issue, we would like to point out to readers that a number of sections of the Christmas Number were sent to press some weeks ago. Whilst every effort was made to insert all corrections and changes up to and including the time of closing for press, readers are asked to recognise that in the intervening weeks circumstances may have arisen which might affect prices, and other details relating to our advertisers' merchandise.

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE'S

Gift Unique

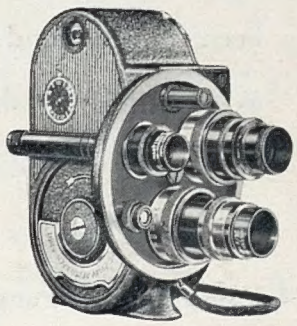
No gift could be more acceptable than a bottle of Drambuie, made from the original recipe of Bonnie Prince Charlie and renowned since 1745 for its delicate flavour and exquisite bouquet.

Drambuie

The Drambuie Liqueur Co. Ltd., Edinburgh.

Keeping up the old Tradition

BELL & HOWELL FILMO 8 CINE CAMERA



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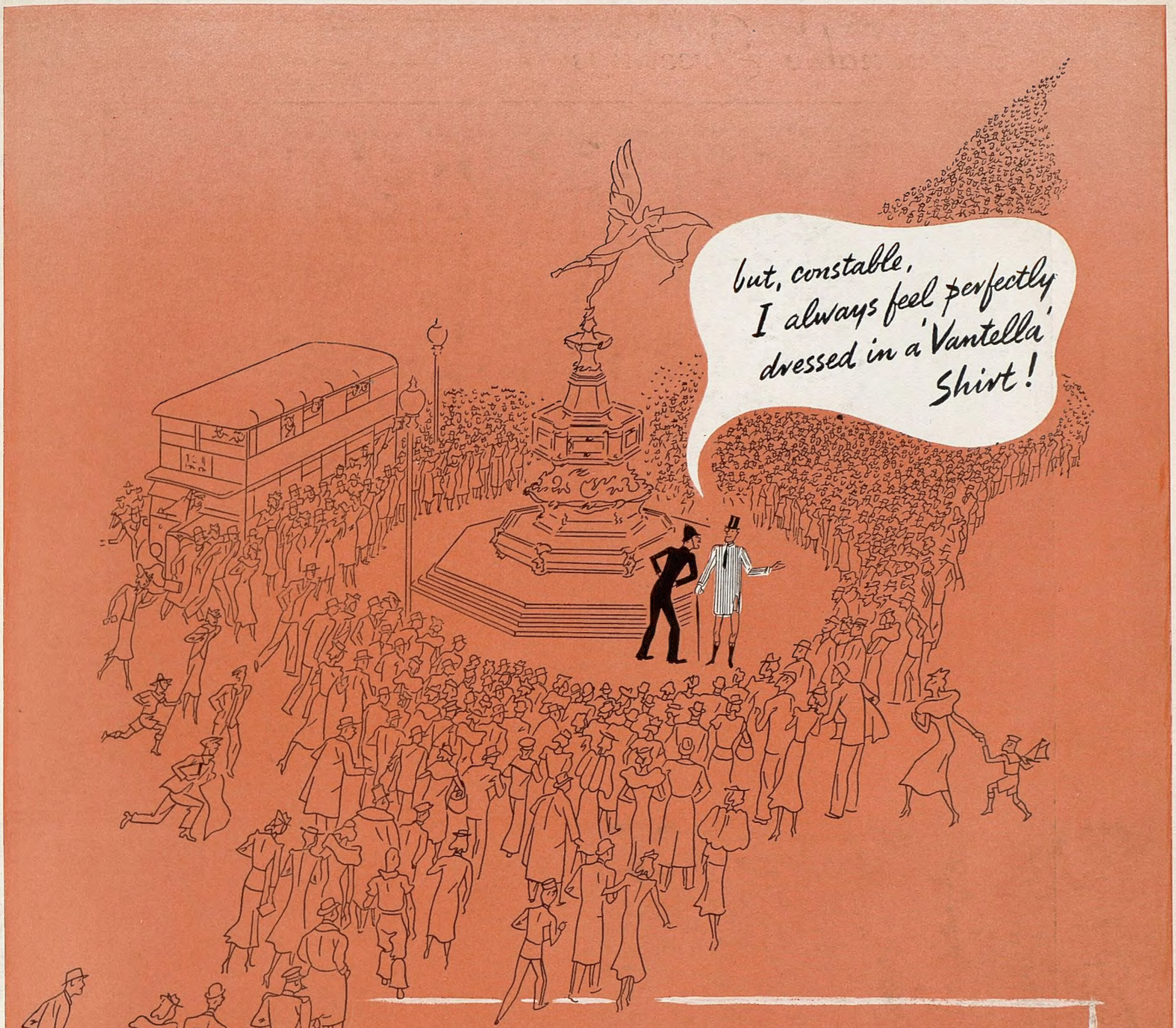

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